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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Heroes and Hero Baiting

THE ill-stomached wielder of invective and prince of rumbling rhetoric, Thomas Carlyle, in a book now little read, made one fact so indubitable that it should not have been again forgotten. The great poet may be attacked where his defenses are weakest, he may be aptly described as cantankerous in his private life, mistaken in his greatest projects, sown with faults in his literary style; he may be jeered at, compared to his disadvantage with lesser men; but deny him greatness, and a line, the memory of some star ypointing verse, sweeps over the peevish critic and leaves not a print on the sand.

In a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Ernest Boyd, an Irishman who remembers Cromwell, has undertaken "A New Way with Old Masterpieces" which proves to be not new at all, but an assemblage of old complaints against the sour austerity of John Milton, concluding with the astounding argument that a puritan can never be a poet, the proof thereof being that Milton dropped poetry for the "Biblical brawls" of the Civil War, and tried to verify Calvinism in "Paradise Lost." As well say that you cannot be an Irishman and a critic.

Milton, it appears from this new way of disposing of greatness, emerged from his seven years at Cambridge with to his credit a poem on an infant dying of a cough. If Mr. Boyd had read more Milton and fewer commentators he might have remembered the "Hymn to the Nativity," and those lines in which an infidel might take joy—

> Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
> Hath took no print of the approaching light,
> And all the spangled hosts keep watch in squadrons bright.

He then retired for five years of "unruffled" meditation where he wrote some few poems in which nature is "impair'd" (the reference is to "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso"), and occasionally "realized the impulse to poetry" in the more Lydian portions of these poems and presumably in Comus's defense of the rites of Venus. He marries and squabbles with his wife (the sonnet on his later, happy marriage, "But Oh! as to embrace me she inclined, I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night," is irrelevant to this critic's picture and so omitted). And then the great conflict of King and Parliament being toward, he wrote the "pithy platitudes" of "Areopagitica," and sacrificed his sight over "scurrilous pamphlets" in a contest

> In liberty's defense, my noble task,
> Of which all Europe rings from side to side,

in which Mr. Boyd, a little scurrilous himself, asserts he showed himself merely a more proficient classical scholar than the most boorish zealot in Cromwell's army who ever speared a Papist in Ireland. Afterwards came "Paradise Lost," with some "intermittent respiration" of poetry in its drab expanses. The Restoration drama of Farquhar and Vanbrugh lives; Milton is dead except for the annotators.

Thus does Mr. Boyd compose a caricature of Milton every line of which is true, except for some errors of interpretation, and the whole absurdly false. For he has studied Milton without his poetry, which is much as if he had written of Keats as a druggist who could not compose epics, or Shelley as a revolutionary inclined to diffusion in political verse. The really great are particularly susceptible to such treatment. There is always a hint of exaggeration in them which if taken leads toward caricature. The second-rate—Mr. Boyd's Restoration dramatists, for example,—are safe from sneerers. They are too cautious ever to be absurd, as Milton often was. You cannot make fun of a clever man, but a great poet, especially a great religious poet, is at the mercy of "the sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine," who taunt him. Dante's Beatrice will not stand flippant scrutiny; Wordsworth's "high seriousness" can be laughed at by one who tells the story of his dalliance in France; a caustic wit could make even Christ absurd—how much more then John Milton who was as human in his egotism as puritan in his high resolves.

Mr. Boyd's irreverence is of a different kind, and consists not so much in his caricature of the puritan

(*Continued on page* 629)

Unnoticed

By ROBERT FROST

AS vain to raise a voice as a sigh
In the tumult of free leaves so high.
What are you in the shadow of trees
Engaged up there with the light and breeze?

Less than the coral-root you know,
That seems content with the daylight low,
And has no leaves at all of its own;
Whose spotted flowers hang meanly down.

You grasp the bark by a rugged pleat,
And look up small from the forest's feet.
The only leaf it drops goes wide,
Your name not written on either side.

You linger your little hour and are gone.
And still the woods sweep leafily on,
Not even missing the coral-root flower
You took as a trophy of the hour.

This Week

New Light on Lincoln. By *L. E. Robinson.*

A Forthright Man. By *Arthur Colton.*

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Jonah the Jew. By *Walter F. Kohn.*

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Literary Independence. By *Frances Newman.*

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Robert Frost

By GORHAM B. MUNSON

> How about being a good Greek, for instance?
> That course, they tell me, isn't offered this year.
> —*Robert Frost*

FOR once American criticism has said true things about a poet and practically nothing but true things. It has been established and reiterated that Robert Frost's poetic craftsmanship is not only serviceable in conveying the significant points of his experience, but that it is actually good in itself to look at. His simplicity and economy are always noticed, and his ability to project a dramatic narrative by means of dialogue often praised. Sometimes, too, it has been mentioned that it is the clear thought which Frost leaves unuttered that gives depth and spinal strength to his poems. But most of all has he been hailed as the poet of New England. Edwin Arlington Robinson takes for his materials the death that is creeping over old New England: Frost chooses for his the life that still persists in that little section of our rampant country.

Critics, therefore, have made much of Frost as a lyrical perceiver of the beauties of the New England landscape, an intimate knower of the stable and delicate laws of necessity which govern its inhabitants, a quiet master of the simplified, sturdy, and settled lives of a part of its people. They have not neglected to make due praise of Frost's integrity and indigenous character. In brief, he is, as they suggest, the fine articulation of an important part of our experience. For are we not, most of us, but one or two generations from the New England soil and community, and have we not at least kept up an acquaintance with them in vacation time? And if not, there has been at least the former hegemony of New England in our national letters to furnish some sort of ground in us to receive Frost. In Frost's poetry we find our impressionism clarified into experience.

But though these things have been verified as true, the fact is that they are all secondary. The essence of Frost lies beyond them, for they are merely characteristics of a substance which has not been defined. We must push farther to reach the heart of his work.

* * *

At first we were surprised when the poet told us in his last book, "New Hampshire":

> I may as well confess myself the author
> Of several books against the world in general.

We had noticed no protest, no satire, no revolt in his poetry. On the contrary, there was quietude, good humor, and a certain manly acceptance therein. What, this author who never whines, who never seems to resent savagely the present state of affairs, this author considers himself to be writing against the world in general! The surprise was salutary, for our recovery from it brought to light the implications of Frost's confession, the implications of his poetry *in toto*, and we realized quite suddenly that the purest classical poet of America was Robert Frost.

With Frost in the field as a classicist, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound began to look like something else. Eliot's poetry, for example, has romantic elements: his sentimental melancholy and wistfulness, the dandyism and obfuscation that cut him off from a more general appeal. Pound likewise seemed to be hewing no closer to a norm of thought, feeling, and conduct: he did not appear to be making a bridge from the special to the general experience, to be achieving the "grandeur of generality":

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he was given up to the irritations and discomforts of a sensitive being. Yet a romanticist tinge does not make a romanticist and *au fond* Eliot and Pound are nearer to classicism than they are to romanticism. Still there is an important difference in kind between them and Robert Frost.

It is this: Pound and Eliot are loyal to the principle of authority, whereas Frost depends entirely upon personal discovery. Pound and Eliot give allegiance to literary tradition as a governing body, seeking only to produce work that, while molded by tradition, still has sufficient novelty of conception and style to alter somewhat the existing body of letters. Frost is unconcerned with such a theory of dictatorship, adjustment, and modification: he does not set up a literary authority to serve. Like the intelligent Greek, he is simply by nature a positive, critical, and experimental spirit. If he manifests the classical virtues, if he achieves a nature, an imitation of it, a probability and a decorum which can match with those cultivated by the classical world, it is because he has discovered them in, through, and by his own direct experience. In comparison with him, Eliot and Pound appear formalists, and the distinction between them and Frost is the distinction between neo-classicism and classicism.

It is important to see that the classicism of Robert Frost has been evolved in a simplified world, the world of the New England farmer. Such a farmer has a settled routine of living dependent upon the regular processions of the seasons. He leads a village life in which most of the human factors at work are tangible and measurable. The intricacies of commerce and industry, the distress wrought by machines, the flow of vast crowds, the diversity of appeals of a great city, do not reach him. Churches are what they were, intellectual currents do not disturb, and science, arch-upsetter of former values, finds no opening to intrude. Frost tells of a hugger-mugger farmer who burnt his house in order to buy a telescope with the insurance money. He gazed with the ancient wonder at the heavens. But for science at large the attitude is indifference.

> "You hear those hound-dogs sing on Moosilauke?
> Well they remind me of the hue and cry
> We've heard against the Mid-Victorians
> And never rightly understood till Bryan
> Retired from politics and joined the chorus.
> The matter with the Mid-Victorians
> Seems to have been a man named John L. Darwin."
> "Go 'long," I said to him, he to his horse.

In Frost's New England then many of the complex tormenting questions which have arisen since the small city and agrarian communities of old Greece have been lopped away from the problem of *living*.

> "Me for the hills where I don't have to choose."

With this simplified world given, Frost has built his art upon the foundation of observation, so much so that he is very sparing in the use of the image or even of the simile and metaphor.

> When I see birches bend to left and right
> Across the lines of straighter, darker trees,
> I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
> But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
> Ice storms do that. Often you must have seen them
> Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
> After a rain. They click upon themselves
> As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
> As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.

This is the poetry of observation and the reader will follow a hundred lines of observation to every five or six that break out into comparison or imagery. Now observation as distinguished from apprehension of relations (metaphor, image, intuition, religious insight), is the principal method of the classicist, and it is by positive and critical observations of things conceived as separate that Frost has discovered his Nature.

The end reached by observation as a method, whether it is a poet or a scientist who employs it, is dualism,—that is, a set of axioms and laws founded on distinctions. The distinctions are based on appearances and both they and appearances are treated as reasonably final data. Of course, something inscrutable remains beyond, "something must be left to God," as Frost says, but the fundamental truth or error of dualism is not plumbed. Whether or not the real world is dualistic, certainly the apparent world is. We all begin as dualists, and this dualism the classicist accepts, whereas the religious writer renounces it in order to probe beneath appearances for unifying principles.

So in Frost's poetry we are consistently struck by his acceptance of the dualistic world and his real contentment with his lot of joy and love "dashed with pain and weariness and fault." Nature we feel as a sort of friendly antagonist, dangerously strong sometimes, but on the whole a fair opponent. In combat with her one cannot laze or cheat: but honest struggle brings fair returns. Especially is the line between Nature and Man always present in Frost's mind, though never insisted upon. For example, he spends no time dilating on the aloofness or indifference of nature to the fate of man. Such a poem as "The Need for Being Versed in Country Things" illustrates very well the sense of demarcation between man and nature which Frost preserves, his acceptance of nature as lovely and fair, and his awareness of her unconcern for man's disasters. In this poem we hear of the burning of a farmhouse and the decay of its barn. The birds nest in the latter.

> Yet for them the lilac renewed its leaf,
> And the aged elm, though touched with fire;
> And the dry pump flung up an awkward arm;
> And the fence post carried a strand of wire.
> For them there was really nothing sad.
> But though they rejoiced in the nest they kept,
> One had to be versed in country things
> Not to believe the phoebes wept.

Frost's poetry contains no trace of the "pathetic fallacy" of the romanticist which is surely a good ground for calling Frost a pure classicist.

The man that Frost treats is situated in a tamed wilderness and is disciplined by it. In New Hampshire the mountains are not high enough, there is nothing extravagant or unduly wild about nature, nor are the people of Frost's poems grandiose or expansive. Their bodies have been contracted and hardened by sweating toil, their emotions have the solidity of rocks, and their minds achieve a good dogged common sense.

> For art's sake one could wish them worse
> Rather than better. How are we to write
> The Russian novel in America
> As long as life goes so unterribly?
> There is the pinch from which our only outcry
> In literature to date is heard to come.
> We get what little misery we can
> Out of not having cause for misery.
> It makes the guild of novel writers sick
> To be expected to be Dostoievskis
> On nothing worse than too much luck and comfort.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> It's Pollyanna now or death.
> This, then, is the new freedom we hear tell of;
> And very sensible. No state can build
> A literature that shall at once be sound
> And sad on a foundation of well-being.

Out of a settled social framework, an honest necessary struggle for existence, and a fair amount of well-being, something like a representative man can emerge. There are balances and checks to trim down his uniqueness while at the same time there is permitted a reasonable scope for his emotional and reflective life. In such a state the acquisitive impulse gets no favoring head start and instead of haste we find reticence and deliberation characteristic.

Thus Frost discovers what Professor Irving Babbitt would call a sound model for imitation. Professor Babbitt has labored to show that imitation as the ancients understood it was a fresh and imaginative process. It is just so with Robert Frost. His choice of words, his rhymes, always escape the commonplace; we are awakened by the exact perceptions of a new discoverer. But the more important point is that this stirring-up is followed by a conviction of the naturalness of Mr. Frost's statements. Why, we murmur, has this not been said before? The question, by the way, that Poe proposed as a test question for the workings of the imagination.

One cannot be certain just what content the term, the imagination, contains today. Modern psychology has cleared away some of the rank underbrush which cluttered our view of the imagination: at least we habitually distinguish it from fancy. Perhaps by imagination we mean something not far from the total harmonized consciousness of the human unit. At any rate, Frost's imagination is the consciousness of a man who is using *more* of his equipment than most of the moderns do. I mean simply that Frost does not seem to work almost exclusively from one of three centers,—from the intellect or the emotions or the body or sense-center,—but from a sort of rude coöperation of all three. The conditions of his livelihood (farming) bring into at least partially coördinated play his body and his emotions, and in addition he is capable of thought. In this development he is again a parallel to the ancient writers, and gives a start to the speculation as to how far the conditions of modern mechanized life throw into disuse portions of the necessary equipment of a fully conscious being. Certainly, Frost's lines give one more of an impression that a whole man is writing them than do the sharply intellectualized or thumpingly emotional lines of most of his contemporaries.

* * *

The moot interpretation in the doctrine of imitation has always been the meaning to be attached to universals. One may rightly be skeptical as to the coincidence of the views of the idealists with the original meaning of Aristotle. But whether Aristotle is interpreted idealistically or not, Frost's use of universals arising from a welter of particulars is covered in the minimum definition that could be offered. His poems, "Mending Wall" and "The Grindstone," are prime examples. In these poems the particulars are vividly and concretely seen and they can stand the most rigid literal interpretation. Yet no less present and vivid in them is a wider significance or rather there are wider significances. Thus, among other things in "The Grindstone" we are deeply aware that a sense of the inertia of nature has been conveyed. We are aware of the aching strain of making nature malleable and the tear and wear made on the straining human spirit by time. For readers of Frost it is not necessary to add that this creation of universal significance is accomplished directly without an atom of didacticism.

Although I have deemed it necessary to dwell on the doctrines of nature and imitation as exemplified in the books of Robert Frost and have said perhaps too much for some readers and assuredly too little for others, it does not seem requisite to develop the contiguous statement that Frost is an observer of the law of probability and the law of measure or proportion or decorum. It is simply stating an easily recognizable fact which any reader may verify by going through Frost's writings that it is the probable sequence and not the improbable but possible sequence that he develops. He is a poet of the normal in man and nature, not the exploiter of the remarkably arresting and wonderful. Nor does his feeling for decorous proportion require argument beyond saying that he does not commit the mistake of the neo-classicists who have been properly accused by Professor Babbitt of confusing the language of the nobility with the nobility of language. Frost's people are humble, but they speak a language and utter feelings appropriate to them: they are restrained by conventions which are inherently noble, and the result is decorum in the best sense.

* * *

The study of these considerations will explain why Frost declares that he has written several books against the world in general. For since Rousseau romanticism has been in the ascendancy. A new conception of nature as impulse and temperament has supplanted the old nature as a strict model, a "return to nature" has come to mean "letting one's self go." For imitation has been substituted the self-expression of the spontaneous original genius, for the law of probabilities has been exchanged the law of wonderful possibilities, and for decorum we have the doctrine of expansiveness. Science has abetted in the growth of naturalistic emotionalism, and neither humanism nor religion has been able to stop the tide of writing designed for the expression of uniqueness rather than generality.

Against this efflorescence of the interior world, the neo-classicists have striven in vain, for their position does not rest solidly enough upon experience and personal discovery. They have been debilitated by the blight of Scaliger's rhetorical question, why imitate nature when Virgil is a second nature?

Frost, however, miraculously takes his place beside the antique Greeks and against the modern world. He proves that a classicism resting on personal discovery is still possible.

The Newdigate Prize, for 1924, was recently awarded to Franklin McDuffee, a Rhodes scholar and a commoner of Balliol College, for his poem Michelangelo. The poem has been published in pamphlet form by Basil Blackwell. This is the first time in its history that this historic prize has gone to an American.

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Jonah the Jew

JONAH. By ROBERT NATHAN. New York: Robert W. McBride & Co. 1925. $2 net.

Reviewed by WALTER F. KOHN.

LIKE his hero Jonah, Robert Nathan is the poetic Jew whose soul is sensitive to all the nuances of existence, whose ecstasies are tremendous but fleeting, whose hurts are deep and lasting; who is sensuously lyrical, impulsive, austerely self-centered in his reactions to life, and an uncompromising individualist. There remains only this difference, that Mr. Nathan, coming twenty-six or twenty-seven centuries after Jonah, has a certain mellowness that comes with age, tempering his emotions, and suffusing all life with the golden softness of an October sunset.

And this mellowness is the outstanding characteristic of all his writings, dominating every one of them, and appearing even in two of his titles, "Autumn" and "Youth Grows Old." It is a mellowness that views human strivings with a tender, almost sentimental sympathy and looks upon human hopes and ambitions with kindly indulgence, knowing their puniness and unimportance in the ageless order of things. This cosmic awareness saddens and ages his viewpoint—Mr. Nathan is still a young writer—but it also gives him a certain peace which, like Jonah's, is not entirely happy. As Naaman says:

> I do not need to travel; here in this quiet garden the sun sets and the moon rises; the breeze of evening whispers through the leaves of my acacia tree, and I see through the branches the stars which have not changed; I hear the voices of cicada, shrill and sad, as when I was a boy, I hear the herds winding down from the hills. All is as it was and as it will be; and my heart overflows with love and peace.

But Jonah, to whom Naaman addresses these words, is young, and fired with that fierce individualism, that rebellious discontent, that has kept his race a nation of radicals since the Egyptian bondage. So, despite his promise to stay in the desert, he goes into the world, and falls in love with Judith, the charming niece of Prince Ahab. Impulsively he resolves to marry her; but Prince Ahab has already promised her to a wealthy Tyrian merchant, and does not let a "dirty prophet" interfere with his plans. Judith has a momentary heartache, but calmly sends Jonah back to the desert with the empty consolation that she will take pride in his work.

The desert has no balm for his broken heart, and his prophecies bore him. Of what concern are the sins of Nineveh to an anarchist and a poet? So, in the spiritual upheaval that follows his emotional breakdown he defies the dictates of his soul—of God—and flees from his loneliness, embarking at Joppa for Tarshish.

From here on the story follows the Biblical narrative; but at this point, too, there is an important and unfortunate change in the treatment. Jonah, who in the first three-fourths of the book had been poignantly human, becomes a helpless puppet; and the reader's intimate concern with him is left in mid-air. The story is finished, of course: Jonah is defeated by his selfishness and becomes a half-reluctant servant of God, eternally inquiring "Why?" as his people do to this day. But the point of view of both author and reader has suddenly and completely changed on page 166.

This abrupt transition ushers in a charmingly whimsical fantasy as to what went on in Heaven when God decided he must give Jonah something to do to distract his mind. Yet engrossing as this whimsy is, it is out of tune with the rest of the book, and it seems to me unwarranted, particularly since it puts Jonah into the background for the rest of the book.

In his earlier books Mr. Nathan wrote perfectly of small things, working in a very restricted medium, and always just missing greatness because of the limitations he imposed on himself. In "Jonah" some of these limitations are absent, but he again falls short of the mark because of this shift in viewpoint, and because of a too-conscious irony.

The latter is already manifest early in the book, where ironical digressions in the manner of Cabell mar the narrative. Mr. Nathan's own irony is whimsical and tender, and has an indulgent mellow flavor which Mr. Cabell's Nordic incisiveness can never achieve. His light touch and delicate fantasy—quite different from Cabell's elaborate magickings—are his own, his original and individual contribution to contemporary American letters. And, saturated with his peculiarly Jewish opulence in sensory impressions, his overtones in rhythms and implications, and the mellow calm of his viewpoint, these elements make his style as delicately imaginative and as finely cadenced as any that America has produced. If he will only continue to exploit his native resources, and let his material grow as life grows all about him, he will achieve the high distinction which his very considerable talents already foreshadow.

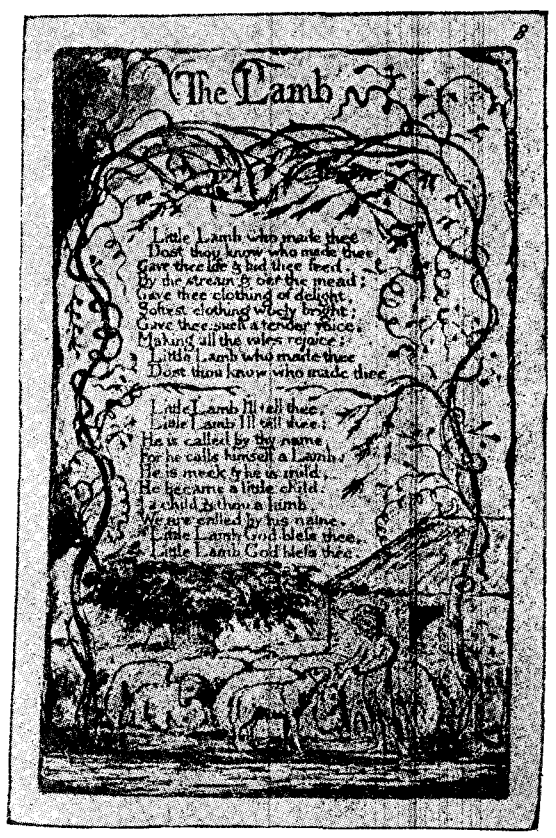
Reality or Romance?

BLIND MAN'S BUFF. By LOUIS HÉMON. Translated by ARTHUR RICHMOND. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by G. D. EATON

IT has seemed to me, since I read "Maria Chapdelaine," by the ill-fated Louis Hémon, that there is no modern French writer who can write so simply and directly about humble souls and yet get at the pathetic beauty of those souls so forcefully. And this belief has been fortified by reading "Blind Man's Buff" (Colin-Maillard), a posthumous work which has just been published here in translation, but which I was fortunate enough to read in the French nearly a year ago.

Hémon in English I have never read, but I imagine, from the reviews, that "Maria Chapdelaine" was most beautifully put into English. And from my reading of that book and from "La Belle Que Voilà" ("My Fair Lady") and from "Colin-Maillard" I do not see how any competent writer


The Lamb
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice;
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb;
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

William Blake—Songs of Innocence—1789. From "Manuscript," by Ala M. Stone and Ethel Irwin Smalley (Scribners)

of English and reader of French could do anything but put Hémon's words into crystal English, so limpid and clear is the original.

"Blind Man's Buff" is a story of a young Irishman who came to London while the Dublin police were chasing reports of him up and down Erin's alleys. He came with little else than a sense of adventure and romance and a feeling of pride in his thews and sinews. There was a great deal of life in London. That much he plainly saw when he came to and from his work dock-walloping (an almost lost phrase) and, for that matter, while he was *at* work. The people in Hyde Park, questioning the order of economics, the wisdom of Parliament and the chastity of the queen, puzzled Mike much more than they did the scattering of contemplative, pipe-smoking Englishmen who looked on, grunted, nodded, and shook their heads.

When romance in the form of woman fell off Mike found it always in the form of liquor. For him to live on reality was as impossible as it would be for his creator to live on faith. When he drank, Winnie, the barmaid, became a beautiful confidante and the world marched in great steps toward a gorgeous Utopia.

And finally, in the pub, he met his end, gloriously defying civilization which had had too much to say when he was sober and out of love. A fancied insult caused him to wring the neck of the proprietor and he broke a few law-and-order heads of citizens who resented his methods. Then the police whistle outside and the shadows of the gallows beyond. As the blue-coats charge into Mike's hard-won castle he laughs valiantly.

There the story ends. There it *should* end. The next scene is not one to search about for Mike. Mike the gallant and romantic. Mike facing a reality, even though his last one? No, it is better to see Mike hurling himself with a resounding laugh and impact against the police than to hear his neck snapping. All this, of course, gives little idea of the tremendous pathos of the book. The synopsis sounds ridiculous, and the book would be, in fact, ridiculous, were it not for Mike. His besetting sense of romance keeps glory, for him, and pathos, for us, balanced to the end, when glory reaches its climax, for him, and crystallizes into tragedy, for us. Mike sees romance: we see the reality of romance. But lest we take too much pity on him let us remember that his author is dead, with him, and that the beauty of his tragedy is the spirit of a book—which is what, reality or romance?

Hémon seems at his best when writing exotically. "Maria Chapdelaine" has Canada for its setting. It is his best work. "Blind Man's Buff," as already shown, has the Limehouse district for its stage. The best story in the group under "My Fair Lady" is "Lizzie Blakeston," whose final tragedy is suicide from a London dock. The poorest thing Hémon has done has his native France for a background. It is the title story, "My Fair Lady." But remember that the collection of stories was brought out after his death and in Paris! I doubt if Hémon himself thought much of the tale.

New Russia

FLYING OSIP: Stories of New Russia. By various authors. Translated by L. S. FRIEDLAND and J. R. PIROSHNIKOFF. New York: International Publishers. 1925.

Reviewed by ABBE NILES

THIS is a collection of short stories by nine of the post-revolution crop of Russian writers, compiled by Alexander Chramoff with the avowed primary intention of acquainting the reader with life in New Russia, but its news value lies in the work, not the picture presented. Five of these writers are represented by selections of little value. The brief extracts from novels by Boris Pilnyak (already introduced to readers of *The Saturday Review*) and Vsevelod Ivanov afford no basis for criticism, the stories by Kasatkin and Arosev are negligible, while in Zozulya's, a dramatic situation is so mishandled as to lose most of its effectiveness. The rest, however, amply justify the publication of this anthology.

For the most entertaining story of the lot is Vyacheslav Shishov's "A Theatrical Performance in the Hamlet of Orgyzovo." Here we have a bearded Carol Kennicott—a young soldier back from the wars and from seeing the world, inspired to bestow a cultural life on the mujhiks' Main Street. His first and last step is to write his own patriotic drama, with a Red hero and White villians, organize his company from the surrounding peasantry, and put the result on in the local schoolhouse. The villagers, who hardly know there has been a revolution—much less that such things as plays have previously existed—nevertheless do what lies in them, which is little so far as concerns acting, but too much in the way of making themselves thoroughly at home as the audience. For the vividness and gusto of his writing and his broad earthy humor, Shishkov stands out sharply in this volume. Let us have more of him.

Lydia Seifulina in "The Lawbreakers," and Mark Kolesev in "Thirteen," treat sympathetically of children, the former dealing with the pathetic homeless "juvenile lawbreakers," and the latter with a child factory worker. Both have distinct talent for narrative and character work, but Kolosov's prose, vital with imagery, reveals also the poet. His theme is the agonized impatience of the little boy who, alone among the factory force, must wait till he is fourteen before he will be eligible for the junior branch of the Communist Party, and his passionate devotion to that name, Lenin, with which his nurse would have frightened him had be been, say, French. Those who enjoy meditating on the influence of environment on conviction will find much material in this book.

Semen Semenov's "Hunger" occupies, and merits, over a third of the volume. Its title is its subject; it is a diary of the famine of 1919 in Petrograd,

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and hunger forms the warp, woof, and decoration of its fabric. But its distinction lies in the appealing demonstration of the progressive degradation of character in a single family as month follows month of days of starvation, of the dependence of love and all generous or noble impulses on loaves of bread. Distributed as a pamphlet, this work would be worth a professional organization in any famine relief campaign; viewed as a work of art, it is sufficient in itself.

The translation, evidently designed for Americans, is generally effective, and a valuable purpose is served by introducing us to this fresh and vigorous talent.

New Light on Lincoln

LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By WILLIAM E. BARTON. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1925. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by L. E. ROBINSON
Monmouth College

EXTENDED research and perspective have brought to our knowledge today a much larger body of facts about Lincoln's ancestry and career than were available to biographers closer to his time. The majority of Lincoln writers since his death have been content to present anew the traditional views and stories. They have, indeed, done much to endear Lincoln to mankind; but their enforced obscurity on many points of detail has engendered a half-legendary aspect of the man and the gradual accretion of fictional notions about him in the popular mind. The hatchet-cherry-tree conception of Lincoln accounts for the annual eulogistic story of the Bixby letter hanging upon an Oxford college wall, to remind the generations of Oxonians that "this is an example of the purest English and most elegant diction extant." The Lincoln critic would regard the Bixby letter sufficiently pure and elegant for any university wall, without the aid of myth to convince him of its excellence.

A more exacting group of writers have studied Lincoln in the light of events leading to and surrounding his emergence in our national life. They have contributed very greatly to a just and interesting estimate of his place in history, and yet in numerous matters of doubtful detail they, too, have appealed to traditional views or conjecture in an effort to complete their biographical record. Only a few investigators have labored long and patiently enough to run down new facts on their own account as a means to an independent judgment. Dr. Barton is one of these. His new "Life of Abraham Lincoln" embodies the results of many years of personal research in an effort to clear up certain elusive data needed to fill up well-known genealogical gaps and to test former affirmations as a basis for a fresh interpretation of Lincoln's life and service.

On the side of Lincoln's ancestry Dr. Barton's prolonged investigations both confirm and supplement the discoveries of his most painstaking predecessors, notably Miss Tarbell, Jesse Weik, and Waldo Lincoln. He has had the aid of many who have introduced him to documentary evidence and testimony wholly new which has enabled him to present a factual account of some matters too shadowy for definite statement. Lucy Hanks, known to Herndon, Lamon, and John Hay as the unmarried mother of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the President's mother, had come to have a doubtful existence. The absence of evidence and the shrewdly cryptic letters of Dennis Hanks to Herndon in 1866 left, for later writers, the true relationship of Nancy Hanks quite unsettled. Dennis, knowing the facts, was as successful in lying about them as John Hay was able to make them inconspicuous by verbal nicety. Some years since Weik published the facts, and now Dr. Barton restates them with the documentary proof no other writer had discovered.

The obliquitous Lucy Hanks, as Dr. Barton shows, subsequently married Henry Sparrow, in Kentucky, a Revolutionary soldier of excellent repute, to whom she became a good wife, "a woman of superior intelligence and unusual strength of character," whose descendants are "industrious, law-abiding, God-fearing people unto this day." With similar particularity Dr. Barton traces the Hanks ancestral line and confirms the previous discovery that Thomas Lincoln, the President's father, was a much more provident and consequential citizen than was traditionally believed. He confirms, also, the recent finding that President Lincoln himself, instead of having "no money sense," as his friends declared, left a modest fortune of above $100,000 invested in good securities. He authenticates the recently challenged story of Lincoln the lawyer's use of an almanac in court to free Duff Armstrong from an indictment for murder. We are given also the original information that Lincoln, in 1859, purchased the insolvent *Illinois Staats-Anzeiger*, of Springfield, keeping it for eighteen months to further his nomination for the presidency, and afterward resold it to its former proprietor, Dr. Theodore Canisius, for four hundred dollars.

More important than this discovery of Lincoln's journalistic enterprise is the reproduction of a hitherto unpublished address prepared by Lincoln at the close of the senatorial contest with Douglas, but whose delivery at Springfield, October 30, was not reported by the newspapers. Dr. Barton obtained the manuscript of this address from the collection of Lincolniana of Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago. The speech is significant for its summary of the ethical motives of Lincoln the politician, emerging from the debates as the leading expositor of the new Republican doctrine on slavery extension. To the Lincoln student, also, in exactness and brevity of statement as well as in spiritual content, it shadows forth the later literary triumph of the Second Inaugural.

The author of these two sumptuous volumes has written the history of Lincoln's presidency with more intimate detail than preceding biographers have done. An interesting bit of information, characteristic of Lincoln's common sense, is the statement that the President kept in his pocket for two days the act of Congress abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, April, 1862, in order to permit former Governor Wicliff of Kentucky to remove two aged and improvident family servants, to whom freedom would have been an added burden.

Dr. Barton gives a more dramatic account of the senatorial revolt against President Lincoln in December, 1862, than even the interesting story which Lord Charnwood tells of it in his "Lincoln." Chase, whom Charnwood called a "sneak," during the repeated disasters suffered by the federal armies in the field, had excited the Senators by whispering that dissention in the cabinet was unfavorable to military victories. The radicals of the upper house, led by Trumbull and Wade, headed a movement to persuade the President to dismiss his ministers and select new advisers. Lincoln was deeply hurt by the plain-spoken insistence of the senate delegation. He asked the members to return for a repetition of their charges in the presence of the cabinet. At this meeting the radical Senators stood amazed when Chase, with the other cabinet members, asserted that all were working harmoniously. The Senators concluded that Chase had "lied."

To enrich his history of Lincoln's presidency Dr. Barton excerpts generously from the unpublished "Diary" of Senator O. H. Browning, of Illinois, who was close to the events of those days. After the discomfiture of the senatorial opposition, Browning, convinced the President would now voluntarily reconstruct his cabinet, went to the White House to say that "this was a time of more peril than any we had encountered." He writes that Lincoln replied "with a good deal of emphasis that he was master." None knew better than Lincoln the ambitious infidelity of his finance minister; yet, even after Chase offered his resignation, Lincoln held on to him, regarding him as "a good fellow and a very able man."

Nothing in this work would appear more biographically difficult than a study of Lincoln's mind. The author describes Lincoln's antithetical capacities for mirth and gloom; his natural lethargy calling for and enjoying social stimulus; his abnormal caution and courage and capacity for "indefinite growth." His strong passions were balanced by great self-control. He was humble, secretive, self-confident; magnanimous yet doggedly stubborn; religiously, he was both rationalistic and mystical. He did not create an impression of greatness upon those about him, but his mind moved in the "political arena." His most intimate friends confessed they never knew him very well. Like all who have studied Lincoln long and patiently, Dr. Barton concludes that the foundation of Lincoln's character and greatness was his great honesty and deep sense of justice.

Dr. Barton writes his "Lincoln" in a delightfully personal style. At times he is over-meticulous in statement of fact or analysis of antecedent circumstances, easily lured to *obiter dicta;* and he is so full of his subject that at some points he is a trifle repetitious. He does not move with the even historical tread that gave distinction to Charnwood's study of Lincoln. But Charnwood gave us nothing we did not previously know about the Civil War President and his antecedents. Miss Tarbell has contributed much important original material to our knowledge of Lincoln and his family history. She wrote with feminine directness and with heartfelt sympathy for her hero. Dr. Barton brings together the results of more years of painstaking investigation and discovery, and makes Lincoln more normally human, than previous writers. His original study of so many phases of Lincoln's history makes his work an outstanding authority on the subject.

Revolutionary Letters

LETTERS FROM AMERICA, 1776 - 1779. Translated by RAY W. PETTINGILL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. $7.50.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
Author of "Revolutionary New England"

THIS volume is composed of letters written home by Brunswick, Hessian, and Waldeck officers who were serving with the German troops in the British army during the Revolution. They first appeared in print in a contemporary German serial publication during the war. In this form they were used a century later by Lowell in his volume on the Hessians which was published in 1884, and a translation of the letters themselves, by William L. Stone, was brought out in Albany in 1891. The material, therefore, as pointed out by the translator, is not new but he states that he has added somewhat to it and corrected errors in translation. The valuable explanatory notes given by Stone, however, disappear and are replaced by about a score of exceedingly brief ones. In one of them Dr. Pettingill oddly repeats an error made by his predecessor, not in translation but in citing the name of the very well-known English volume of travels referred to in one of the letters, as being by Andrew Barnaby. It was, of course, by Burnaby. It is unfair to suggest that Dr. Pettingill did not carry his researches out on this point independently but any edition of Burnaby's work or bibliography of American travels would have provided him with the correct spelling of the name. If it had not been for this error he probably would not have had to confess failure in locating the German edition of the book used by the letter writer. It was published by Bohn in Hamburg in 1776 and on page 90 is the passage quoted. There is a copy in the Library of Congress, and as it is not a scarce volume, presumably elsewhere in America.

The chief value of the letters lies in the picture afforded of life in America during the troubled years in which they were written. For the most part the writers were keen observers and men of considerable intelligence. The first letter in the book, written by a staff officer located at Batiscan in 1776, gives a remarkable account of Canadian life, and perhaps no other document of equal length presents so vivid a picture of any section of colonial society of the time. The letters cover a wide range of territory extending from Canada to the island of Jamaica. There are good descriptions of New England, the Middle Colonies, and even the Shenandoah Valley, sent by these men as they moved about with the army or as prisoners in the hands of the Americans. For the most part, the writers appear

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to have been well-pleased with both the land and the people.

Aside from the information the letters contain they have much interest as showing what manner of men these German officers were themselves. One receives a vivid impression of their various personalities, and quite a different one from the traditional view of the "Hessians." Cultivated, intelligent, unbiased, they found far more to like and praise in their enemies than to condemn. An attitude more different from that of the violent anti-enemy propaganda of the late war could hardly be imagined. The Americans themselves appear to excellent advantage. The Germans looked upon them neither as "damned rebels" nor as god-like patriots, and as a result they appear rather likeably human.

Dr. Pettingill's new version of these documents may be welcomed as making them once more available to the general reader. His work, however, cannot be said to supersede Stone's and both editions will now have to be consulted by the student. The format of the volume is attractive and deserves praise. The edition is limited to four hundred copies for sale.

A Forthright Man

SELECTED ESSAYS. By FRANK MOORE COLBY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by ARTHUR M. COLTON

FRANK COLBY had great and varied gifts, but you could not have persuaded him that he was a remarkable man. The persuasion, if accomplished, would only have made him uncomfortable, and that in itself was a characteristic sufficiently remarkable. Those who knew him will perhaps remember him even more vividly for his character than for his work, with a stronger sense of irreparable loss. The sincerity which to most of us is so difficult to achieve seems to have come to him by nature. Literary composition, those essays in irony so rich in their humor and fresh in their phrasing, were often uphill work for him, but intellectual honesty was easy. At any rate, while the reading public may remember him as an editor of encyclopædias and year books, and a satirist of social foibles, those who knew him will probably think first of what an attractive chracteristic such mental integrity can be.

The range of his knowledge was enormous, but that is not so remarkable as that the capacity for any kind of "side" or vanity, any bacterial germ of pretense whatever, should have been altogether left out of him—for most of us are more or less pretentious. Our common selves are unsatisfactory unless padded and idealized. Unconsciously for the most part, we try to appear other than we are, not only to others, but to our own interested contemplation. The continued maintenance of those postures and puffings "Constrained Attitudes" toward "Imaginary Obligations," may be comfortable as well as consoling when they have become habit; but habitual postures are ripe fruit for the satirist.

Colby left three volumes of essays, and a more recent volume of selected essays. They are witty, and all much in the same key. To read one, and then stop, is a tonic, especially if it touches one's own vanity of subconscious humbug and bromidic peace, or discovers him to himself as little better than one of the important and fussy, or a frequenter of marginal timidities. But to read many of them in succession is to dilute the medicine. These are books to be tasted.

If Colby had put all his powers into work more literary than encyclopædias, his name no doubt would have been more widely known. If the cleverness of it does not bubble as spontaneously as Mr. Chesterton's, the sanity behind it is more solid and disinterested. It is too much on the same key, but the force and brilliancy of it is sometimes superb. Neither is there any wrath in it, or bitterness, or partizanship. It is a sword in the hands of good humor, rather than a club in the hands of not—like—shall we say?—Mr. Mencken's. It is satire that springs quite simply from the capacity for seeing things as they are, or an incapacity for seeing them otherwise. A new humbug is as evident to it as an old humbug, the "Humdrum of Revolt," as tedious as the humdrum of immemorial "bunk" on platforms political or academic.

Learned, wise, witty, yet his peculiar distinction was still that invisible, imperturbable, and intense sincerity.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Teens

A PLEASANT intersection of coördinates at which to begin Our Own Graph of American Literature, it now occurs to me, would be the point where Spring and Oxford met one another in the year 1911. When you walk across Magdalen Bridge, past those April almond trees that blossom as pink as the cheeks of young girls on a windy day, you will find a modest lodging numbered as 19, Iffley Road. (Yes, the road to Iffley, where Pearsall Smith used to live, if you are a "Trivia" zealot.) In that ground-floor sitting room some entirely care-free young men made what was I think their first actual contact with Contemporary American Literature.

If I were to embark upon this project relentlessly, unsparing of risibles, it would be too voluminous and too intimately painful for all concerned. I compress myself to the discreet gravity of historians. These young men, whose universe was then unmarred by any darkness more imminent than some examinations to arrive two years later, had been cheerfully prosecuting a noble hoax. One of their fellow-students, a prolific artisan of bad verse, had been persuaded that he was the pure seed of genius, the clean corn without a cockle. Meetings were held at which this Bard was worshipped and exalted. His satellites humbly offered their own tributary trifles—sometimes culled from the mere pages of Wordsworth or Robert Bridges—for the Master's appraisal. Ensorcelled by flatteries our excellent friend had the time of his life. He was cajoled into delivering a public address upon Poetry; a picked house applauded with violence. A royal decoration was bestowed by an undergraduate masquerading as the Marquis Cascara Sagrada, chamberlain of the Portugese monarch living exiled in England. The extremities to which this pastime were carried would hardly be believed if set down.

The o'ergrowth of some complexion of which Hamlet speaks has nothing to do with beards. In modern phrase (that of Doctor Joe Collins, perhaps) it means the sublimation of a complex. Our happy victim's complexion was o'ergrown with a vengeance. He never suspected our deviltry, and lived in the innocent splendor of self-hypnosis. Presently he returned to his native Middle West and resumed his practice of the law.

But it was at one of these prankish symposia that a more important name entered the story. The name of Mr. Ferdinand Pinney Earle, who was spending the spring in Oxford. To Mr. Earle, first encountered over Iffley Road tea-cups, this pack of young irresponsibles looked up with honest excitement. He was an actual poet, had published a tangible book. Mr. Earle entered with hilarity into our spurious sessions with the innocent versifier. I remember a gathering in his big sitting room somewhere in North Oxford where the Middle Western Bard was cajoled into sitting, like Buddha, on a huge cairn of cushions in the centre of the floor while the devotees ranged themselves humbly round the perimeter. As the Master read his deplorable doggerels from the throne, Mr. Earle played thrillingly muted strains on his violin. He had to stand with his back toward the mercy-seat to hide his heavy vibrations of laughter.

All this juvenile merriment seems a long way both from America and from Literature. I admit it, but in my own mind the connection is clear. For it was at one of these meetings that Earle told us of his projected scheme for a volume that appeared in 1912 as "The Lyric Year." A volume in which Orrick Johns, T. A. Daly, and George Sterling carried off the prizes, but a then quite unknown name *proxime accessit*. This name was Edna St. Vincent Millay, and the poem was "Renascence." And that volume though it contained a good deal of Oh-Godding, can not unreasonably be regarded as a kilometer-mark in the lively refreshment of the Muse that our days have witnessed.

If the above is inadmissable as the historian's starting-point, he likes to think of another picture, precious to no one but himself, which was the genuine beginning of his study of these small matters. It was a clear September afternoon, 1913, when a young man, carrying a suit-case, walked down Madison Avenue from the Grand Central Station to the old brown house that used to stand at the southeast corner of 32nd Street. He was full of that exhilarated solemnity that marks the conscious beginning of a Career. (I see you smiling; but he is smiling too.) He was on his way to look for a job. And he only needed to gaze once upon the tiny Diana, tightening her arrow in the blue, to feel that here was the city of Destiny.

Of course he had earlier memories of that divine city: memories more curious and more splendid. In childhood, coming from Baltimore, almost every summer he had crossed the ferry from Jersey City to Desbrosses Street, to board the Fall River or Albany boat (pavilions of glory for young eyes) *en route* for some vacation sojourn. How well he can revive the warm horse aroma of downtown Manhattan in those days, particularly on West Street (where a little of it lingers even now). The sacramental annual visit, with his father, to Abercrombie and Fitch's—on Reade Street, wasn't it? O those folding hatchets and fishing tackle!

* * *

Or, a later memory, there was a lively foray made by a few students from a Pennsylvania athenæum: simple-minded lads from the environs of Philadelphia, who had been told that the Haymarket and Little Hungary were the last word in untrammeled revelry. Staunchly they put this tiding to the test. The humors of that excursion, intended by their overseers as a sociological seminar, are too abundant for scanty comment. The expedition was commanded by a grave young ministerial collegian, an accomplished Social Worker, who had been gulled by these rowdy and light-minded creatures. By astounding hypocrisies they had wheedled him into allowing them to accompany this Social Problem troupe, which was to lodge in an East Side "settlement" and investigate orphanages, rescue missions, and gymnasia. It is sad to remember that the disciples slipped away from their pastor when the Promised Land of Sociology was reached. They did accompany him, I think, to some sort of Home for Dishevelled Girls near Tarrytown, which sounded amusing; but otherwise their pockets being picked in Chinatown, Miner's burlesque house, and violent mirth at Little Hungary are their only durable memories.

Or one might speak of coming up New York Bay, a late cold night before Christmas, in the steerage of the Mauretania. No one, I insist, really knows New York's manners to the visitor, until he has entered her by steerage. But this particular wooer of the city always thinks of Madison Avenue, that September afternoon, as the first overture of his courtship. For this time he came definitely to face that extraordinary romantic problem (not yet solved, incidentally) of Earning a Living.

We do not seem to be getting appreciably nearer to Literature. My next installment, if ever, will deal with the discovery, in Brooklyn, of the merits of Bertha M. Clay.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Heroes and Hero Baiting

(*Continued from page 625*)

Milton, which is fair enough if you care for that sort of caricature, but in his amazing obtuseness to the rather obvious fact that the man who wrote "Lycidas," and the great blazing passages set amidst the pompousness of "Paradise Lost," which only a prosaic mind can read unmoved, might be puritan, spiritualistic, or Roman Catholic; absurd or infinitely mistaken in the rest of his work, without five cents worth of difference in one's final estimate of his essential excellence. He lives, not because he is Milton, or for his choice of Biblical themes, but because at its best his poetry resists all change of taste and time, and flings off flippant criticism to the better definition of the critic.

Mr. Boyd has a brilliant pen, and when he has written of other men has shown much scholarship. Let him, as the Irish say, keep to prose, and not annoy the great poets. There are too many demi-literates ready to follow his authority in order to find words of abuse for what they do not understand. Etheredge will doubtless be better company than the sombre Milton in the Elysian fields, but that his rather stale cleverness is to outlive the surge and thunder of Milton's line in the estimate of the judicious, is the most severe stricture that Mr. Boyd or any one else has passed upon the aestheticism of the age.

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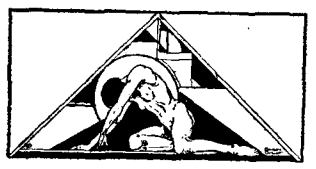

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Books of Special Interest

Colloid Chemistry

THE ELEMENTS OF COLLOIDAL CHEMISTRY. By DR. HERBERT FREUNDLICH. Translated by GEORGE BARGER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $3.00.

Reviewed by JEROME ALEXANDER
Author of "Colloid Chemistry"

SOME one ought to reprint for the benefit of the present generation, that cheerful little poem of John G. Saxe entitled "The Six Blind Men and the Elephant." Though its author drew a moral applying to religious disputes, quite a similar moral may be drawn with reference to scientific differences.

What we see in a natural phenomenon will depend largely upon which level we focus our mental microscope. Matter is built up in a rather complex fashion, and recently the physicists have shown the chemists what has been going on unbeknown to all in the subatomic sub-cellar. Just as different things may be taking place simultaneously on the various floors of a building, so too in Nature many phenomena may occur at the same time; and though each one in itself is true, it is only part of the truth—that is of the *whole* truth, which all men of science should wish to see and to tell about.

The chemists who were educated in the days before physical chemistry came into its own have had a double shock. Physicists have shown that chemical atoms are not the simple little hard-headed round balls once imagined, but are practically tiny "solar systems" of great complexity. Pure chemistry busied itself mainly with what went on at the level of atoms and molecules, but did not bother much about what went on on the floor above. Now that is just where the colloid chemist discovered happenings that are simply surprising, and in some cases surprisingly simple—that is providing you look. And since many of the happenings that are of vital interest to biologist, physician, and manufacturer occur on that floor, it is well worth having a look there.

Professor Freundlich is internationally known by his "Kapillarchemie," which is not a hair wash on the order of Herpicide or Westphal's Auxilliator, but is a splendid book on colloid chemistry so large and full of mathematics that its author, desiring to give in simple language the facts and ideas which to his mind are of special importance in colloid chemistry, published in German an abbreviated understudy entitled "Grundzuge der Kolloidlehre." And it is this condensed and meaty book that Professor Barger has translated as first aid to those who want to master the principles of colloid chemistry.

The arrangement of the book is simple. Following a brief Introduction, the author considers the physico-chemical foundations of colloid chemistry, including what happens at the *boundaries,* or interfaces as they are more properly termed, between gases, liquids, and solids. He then takes up the rate of formation of new phases, Brownian motion, colloidal solutions, sols, gels (including jellies), mists, smokes, foams, complex dispersions and those having a solid dispersing medium. The presentation is simple and direct, and in only a few instances is it that the exposition cannot readily be followed, and there it is rather due to the inherent complexity of the subject matter, than to any lack of skill on the part of the author.

Considering the size limitations of the book, and the fact that it is not easy to keep fully abreast of the most recent work in all countries, the author has but few sins of omission, and these are to be condoned. The book may, therefore, be cheerfully admitted to the privilege of scientific beatification.

The author should have mentioned more frequently the names of those associated with the various discoveries and theories referred to. Thus in speaking of the X-ray spectrometer, the name of Sir W. H. Bragg should have been mentioned, and that of Sir W. B. Hardy in connection with the iso-electric state, and that of Faraday in connection with the Tyndall effect, generally called in fact the Faraday-Tyndall effect. These omissions of the author should have been supplied in foot notes by the translator. Another case is failure to mention M. Carey Lea in speaking of the photo-halides.

The translator has committed other deeds which imperil the sanctity of the English book. He has made choice of terms which are unusual and even troublesome, and attempts to enforce a nomenclature which is unwise, and which in some cases has originality as its only asset. Apart from these things, it must be stated that the translation is well done and in perspicuous English.

Entertaining History

LA BELLE PAMELA (Lady Edward Fitzgerald). By her great-grand-daughter, LUCY ELLIS, and JOSEPH TURQUAN. New York: Brentano's. 1924.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

IT has long been supposed, or assumed—even by the Encyclopedia Britannica—that the parentage of the subject of this memoir was what it seems fair to say the present authors have apparently proved beyond the possibility of doubt. She was the illegitimate daughter of Philippe "Egalité," Duc d'Orléans, and Madame de Genlis, brought up in England in her very early years, then transferred to France, marrying Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and a considerable time after his death Mr. Pitcairn, an American consul in Germany.

Told thus there seems nothing very extraordinary in her life; but the bare statement of the facts gives little or nothing of the curious and romantic quality of her life's adventures, or of her biography. For this is a curious and romantic book. It is something more than the life of its titular character; it is a striking side-light on the revolutionary period. It is a most ingenious piece of historical investigation. And it throws considerable illumination upon a still somewhat obscure epoch of Irish history. The method which the authors have used to prove Lady Fitzgerald's parentage—the adducing of a series of letters which read as if they were the product of a "mystery" story's author, reinforced by the use of Madame de Genlis's novels in which it would seem she set down her own experiences, is new in historical detective work. The picture which it gives of the good-looking, irresponsible, wholly irregular characters of the piece, of the society in which they moved, of the ineffective and rather irritating conspiracies in which many of these characters took part, to their own undoing and not at all to the benefit of any one or any thing, so far as one can see, are entertaining to the last degree.

If the volume leans a little too heavily upon Mrs. Webster's interpretation of the French Revolution, that is not surprising, for, viewing this story of La Belle Pamela, it would seem that there is very little in the human comedy which is impossible, or even perhaps improbable. Were it written as fiction many would sigh at the ridiculous imagination of the authors who conceived things which not only never had, but never could have, happened. The story is well told; it even gains a certain piquancy from the Gallicisms which have not been strained out in the process of translation; and it has the two elements which are so often lacking in such studies. It is well constructed, and it "marches" to its tragi-comic conclusion, as a good story should. Altogether it is a most entertaining and instructive volume.

The new books for the Spring are already beginning to appear. Buy them as they are published and spread the pleasure of reading them over a longer period of time.

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Foreign Literature

A Retrospect

UNA HORA DE ESPANA. Por Azorin. Madrid: Caro-Raggio. (Brentano's. $1).

Reviewed by Ernesto Montenegro

In José Martinez-Ruiz, as the *cedula vecinal* or identification card for Azorin must read, we have the perfect intellectual as conceived by the Spanish mind: discursive, delving in the past, shy to physical exertion of any kind. In his descriptive books, such as "Los Pueblos" and "La Ruta de Don Quijote," we find the typical Spanish town, where time is measured by the church's bells and where nothing happens except life. His favorite characters would make us believe that the writer himself is one of those country hidalgos of quiet demeanor whose sentimental life has been paralyzed under the stifling rules of religious duties and social routine.

In other books of Azorín, as the present instance shows, the commentary on things and writings of the classical period is the recurrent theme. "Una Hora de España" was an unusual piece of literature to be read as an inaugural address upon the reception of its author as member of the Royal Academy. Hardly touching on the personality of his predecessor in the chair, he passes on to conjure up "one hour of Spain" between 1560 and 1590 when the country had just crossed the peak of greatness and began the downward course, physically exhausted by the mighty effort of the Conquest as well as morally spoiled by the sudden rush of gold from the New World.

Azorín belongs to that much-talked-about generation of '98, which, on the day following the disaster of the war with the United States, ushered in a movement for the reawakening of the national consciousness and of its dormant energies. But the new missionaires found themselves in conflict with their purposes at the point where they pretended to conciliate tradition with the new spirit dominating Europe. Closing the cycle between Europe and the Orient, as much as Russia does on the other side, Spain through its Moorish inheritance is ever at grips with the contradictory spells of fatalism and contemplative life on one hand and the intellectual daring and progressive impulse of Europe on the other. "Artists and sentimentals, we felt the lure of the past; toilers of the brain, we felt rooted to the modern world."

So Azorín explains their spiritual conflict in a reference in his academic retrospect. Employing once more his characteristic evocative manner in a succession of brief literary sketches of a Cellini-like perfection of detail, he goes on to dig out of the past the life of the monk and cavalier, of the artisan and the peasant. His classical reading as well as his familiarity with the menial occupations of the Spanish people are exhibited here together with that almost excessive relish of his for quaintness and propriety of expression. The following seems to us as most representative of the author's style, at the same it will convey to the reader the spirit of the book under review:

> To the humble sword-cuttler shop has come, as he did everyday, Don Rodrigo. The gentleman's sword has suffered some damage at the guard. The sword is a magnificent one. It was handsomely wrought in Italy. No wealth is ascribed to the gentleman; but this sword—acquired in better times—is well worth a fortune. There are not two like it in all the city. The sword has been with the gentleman since early manhood. With it he fought in Italy and in Flanders. The blade-smith knows it well; easily he will fix it. Don Rodrigo leaves it with him. Early next day a customer comes to the shop. He is a tall, genteel-looking young man, and over his chest sparkles a diamond-studded badge. The sword-cuttler had Don Rodrigo's blade in his hand at the moment. The young man examines it closely. A barter and trade conversation ensues. The cavalier is much taken with the magnificent sword.
>
> The hour for the visit of the old gentleman has come. He can already be seen at the farther end of the alley. Straight and calm walks the gentleman, carrying an old sword, and with his loyal attendant at his heels. Once inside the shop, the blade-smith has taken Don Rodrigo apart, and addresses him in a low tone. Don Rodrigo's face becomes pale and turns toward the beautiful sword which stands on the table nearby. Suddenly he leaves the sword-cuttler alone, seizes his sword, and silently, grave, more proud than ever, walks out of the shop without saying a word.

Azorín himself estimates that at that time, the closing years of the XVI century, "the power, the might and the enthusiasm (of Spain) had already left for the New World, beyond the seas." Denying the reality of the decadence with which Spain is charged today, he also stresses the point that it did not become politically bankrupt, but "like a bank that transfers its funds from one vault to another, she prospers now in the American continent." As a figure of speech, this assertion is very much in favor on both sides of the Atlantic among politicians and a few writers; but the fact seems to be that time, different political institutions, foreign influence, and many other causes tend to widen rather than to bridge the original gap between the old kingdom and the republics of Latin America.

This has something to do with the relative influence of Spanish writers over Spanish-speaking America. Men like Ortega-Gasset and Unamuno have a large following among us, perhaps in the proportion that they let themselves be permeated with modern European thought. Azorín belongs in a different class; his ideas, as his sentences, have a narrower range. He is the village sage, a Montaigne without a world outlook, who has contentd himself with recording "Las Confesiones de un Pequefio Filôsofo" (the Confessions of a Petty Philosopher). As the men whose life he records here, he pursues his limited calling with a cheerful dedication, and he does it well.

Foreign Notes

H. P. HANSSEN, on whom the fortunes of war bestowed the unique experience of sitting in the German Reichstag in one year and as a member of the Danish Cabinet the next, recorded his observations in the Reichstag and in his own province of Slesvig in a series of diaries which have recently been published under the title, "Fra Krigsteden" (Copenhagen: Gyldendal). The entries deal with meetings, personalities, and cross-currents in German political circles during the war years, and are vivid and arresting portrayals of the time.

Musicians and lovers of music will find much to interest them in the volume recently issued by Edward Speyer, son of its subject, entitled "Wilhelm Speyer, der Liederkomponist (1790-1878): Sein Leben und Verkehr mit Seinen Zeitgenossen" (Munich: Drei-Masken-Verlag). Speyer was a musician who in his later years went into business, but who retained his interest in his original profession to the end of his life, and who enjoyed the friendship of musical people throughout Europe. His son's biography of him contains many interesting reminiscences of figures noted in the musical world with some entertaining bits of gossip.

Frederic Lefevre is a great interviewer, and might profitably be studied by journalists everywhere. He brings the reader and the person interviewed into close mental contact. The talks first appear, most of them, in *Les Nouvelles Littèraires*, of which M. Le Fevre is editor-in-chief, and are then brought out in successive volumes by the Nouvelle Revue Française. They are appropriately entitled "Une Heure Avec. . . ." Among his latest subjects are Charles Maurras, Paul Morand, Georges Brandès, Valéry Larbaud, George Duhamel, etc.

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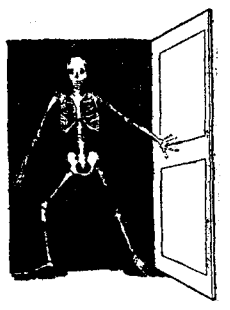

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Book Notes From Paris

By Louise Morgan Sill

Edouard Schneider's new book about "Eleonora Duse," (Grasset), is an inspiration to the reader. "To the holy memory of Eleonora Duse" the author dedicates it, and this gives the keynote of his and his wife's impressions, at close range, of this remarkable woman. Schneider met her in the best way, as the author of a play which she thoroughly admired, which fulfilled her ideals and which she was to have produced as soon as she earned enough money by her American season. The Schneiders spent intimate weeks with her at Italian hotels. They worked over his play, "L'Exaltation," together, and Duse's sensitive enthusiasm evinced the creative animating spirit which had once been at the service of Gabriel d'Annunzio. She came impulsively to the Schneiders' rooms, with her step like a girl's, her soft rap at the door, and that well-known voice "so tenderly modulated, that sang in our ears." She showered them with delicate gifts, she wrote them little notes, saying "It is good, SO GOOD, to know that you two are there." The author presents her as the consummate artist that she was, but above all as the great woman, large-souled, generous, intellectual, loving, and in the highest sense of the word religious. It is an impassioned biography.

Thierry Sandre, author of "Le Chévrefeuille," which not long ago received the Prix Goncourt, has just published a new novel, "Mousseline" (Edgar Malfère), which is in some ways superior to the former book. It is the story of a young Parisian girl of the people, in love with a musician whom her parents, especially her father, do not wish her to marry. She runs away, is betrayed and abandoned, and returns to her home with a three months old child. This is the merest indication of the story which is very well told in a style strongly contrasting with that of other current novels here. M. Sandre writes with complete objectivity, without commentary of his own, presenting life as we see it.

This method is the opposite of the scientific psychology of Marcel Proust, who has developed the "interior monologue" to its extreme limits. A new edition of "Les Lauriers sont Coupés," by Edouard Dujardin, has appeared lately and is interesting in itself and also because its author was a precursor of Proust, and admired by James Joyce. His book, in the interior monologue style then new to the public, passed without much regonition when first published.

* * *

Who would have expected a cloth manufacturer at Roubaix and Elbœuf, in Northern France, to write such a book as "Ariel, ou la Vie de Shelley," which has had such resounding success on both sides of the ocean? Nevertheless, M. André Maurois is the man. During the war he was interpreter with the British Army in France, and gathered material for his books "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" and "Les Discours du Docteur O'Gravy," and "Ariel," and who knows what other volumes, for he is one of the most active of French writers. His latest book is "Dialogues Sur le Commandement" (Grasset), crisp conversations between a young officer in the African section of the French Army and his former professor of philosophy who had served as a poilu. Their subjects of discussion are military chiefs, authority, the part played by chance in war, and kindred ideas, with here and there a good anecdote. It is needless to say that the book is well done, and entertaining if the subject appeals to the reader. Maurois is at work on a Life of Disræli, among other things.

Henri Barbusse's new novel, "Les Enchainements" (Flammarion), has just been published in two volumes. It is a book of wider scope than his "Le Feu" and "Le Clarté," and represents the maturity of its author's talent. It is predicted that even his enemies will admire it.

* * *

Books about Anatole France continue to appear. Nicolas Ségur publishes "Conversations avec Anatole France, ou les Mélancolies de l'Intelligence" (Bibliothéque Charpentier), talks so unctuously reported that the reader has the impression of taking part in them. Then there is Marcel Le Goff's "Anatole France à la Béchellerie," (1914-1924), (Léo Delteil), presenting the illustrious author in his home in Touraine. With these comes also a brochure by Henri de Noussanne, entitled "Anatole France, Philosophe Sceptique" (Collection Les Clochers de France); and "Anatole France, est-il un Grand Ecrivain?" (Plon), by René Johanne, and a cheaper edition of Lahy-Hollebecque's "Anatole France et la Femme" (Edition Baudinières). The great literary activity centering at present around France is generally adverse to his reputation.

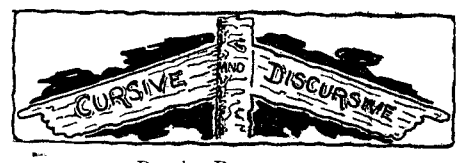
Lucien Romier, political editor of the *Figaro*, has just published a book lucid and helpful, with the title "Explication de Notre Temps" (Grasset). At a time when there is considerable mental confusion regarding the situation of France, M. Romier brings his knowledge of political economy, sociology, and historical learning to clarify thought. Naturally the book takes the French point of view. The author is a deputy in the opposition, and editor of *La Journée Industrielle*, to which he daily contributes a capital editorial. Before the war M. Romier was a professor, but during the conflict was called to a position requiring expert industrial research, to which he, thenceforth, devoted himself. His book is the result.

A volume which will prove to readers interested in the development of modern poetry in France is the newly published "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie" (Kra), with selections ranging from Baudelaire to Apollinaire, Paul Valéry, Paul Claudel, André Gide, Francis Jammes, Mæterlinck, Maurias, de Montherlant, Péguy, Proust and many others. An admirable collection.

Julien Benda, author of "Belphégor," has just brought out his "Lettres à Mélisande" (Société d'édition Le Livre), in which he discourses upon philosophical topics to a young woman. The titles of his Letters indicate the character of this interesting, sometimes amusing book: "The Divisions of Philosophy; Mélisande's anger"; "Of a Method dear to Mélisande, or Intuition"; "Has Mélisande a Soul?"; "The War and the Responsibility of Mélisande," etc. One Letter defines love and passion and friendship, and translates from Socrates: "Comme le loup aime l'agneau, l'amant aime sa bien-aimée."

The first volume of Solomon Reinach's new work, "Monuments Nouveaux de l'Art Antique," with 250 illustrations (Kra), has just been published. The edition is limited to 1,200 copies, and the second and last volume will be issued some time this year. Reinach is the well-known author of "Apollo" and other authoritative works on art, and is a member of the French Institute.

A new method of criticism, subtle and clever, is that of Paul Reboux in his books entitled "A la Manière de . . ." (Grasset), of which a new volume is ready. In his imitations of the style of the writers whom he selects for subjects, he conveys their faults and virtues directly to the discerning reader.



By the Phoenician

A SMALL card has popped up on our desk. It turns out to be the Golden Rule "Revised and Refined by *Joy Wheeler Dow*." It runs, "Do unto others not as you would have others do unto you but as others would have you do unto them." We applaud the revision! Such practice would make a hapiper world. * * * The trouble is with most of us that we treat other people in a manner we think is good for them, not in a manner that we think they will really enjoy. * * * Perusing the *Republican Watchman* of Monticello, N. Y., another oddity to which we have somehow fallen heir, we note that the proprietor is *Adelbert M. Scriber*. His assistant must be be sub-scriber; so evidently the *Republican Watchman* had a certain circulation even before it started! * * * *Arnold Bennett* introduces a new work of fiction "The Little Karoo" by *Pauline Smith*. This name—not Pauline's—is given to a plain in Cape Colony, a vast tract of African veldt. The tales included deal with the English and the natives, with Boer and Kaffir. Miss Smith's father, born in China, migrated to South Africa, and there Pauline spent the most impressionable years of childhood. * * * This is Miss Smith's first book. In *The Adelphi*, it may be remembered, *Middleton Murry* published her story, "The Pain." Letters from various parts of the world praised it. Bennett believes Miss Smith to be a novelist. "She hasn't written any yet," he affirms, "but she will." * * * It is a joy to find anyone having as much fun with a book as *Hendrik Willem van Loon* has evidently had with his most recent work, "Wilbur the Hat." The bright colors of his hilarious drawings, the quiddities of the text, the vagabondage of the imagination, all make a perfect primer of Dubiety. * * * We like very much the title of Mr. *Gerald Bullett's* fantasy, "Mr. Godly Beside Himself." And having just dipped into it we feel that we shall enjoy this tale of a Babbitt in a sort of Fairyland as soon as we get the chance really to sit down to it. * * * Four one-act plays of *Wilbur Daniel Steele's* have been collected in a volume under the title of one of them, "The Terrible Woman," and are now published with an introduction by *Frank Shay*. Steele is a native American writer who is a comparative master both of the short play and of the short story. He works slowly and with a deep sincerity. His "The Giants' Stair" (in this volume) was, says Shay, "one of the outstanding successes of the 1924 season at Provincetown. He has provided us with another comedy for next season in the script of "The Terrible Woman." The Provincetown Players have since turned to the production of longer plays, which may lure Steel to attempt more sustained flight. Meanwhile, we would call attention to him as a still comparatively young American playwright with unusual possibilities. * * * Native biography and autobiography have certainly flourished within the last six months. "The Story of *Irving Berlin*" by *Alexander Woollcott* is a new addition to the collection. From Nickel-Kicker to "The Music Box" or was *John Alden Carpenter* correct when he went on record as saying:

I am strongly inclined to believe that the musical historian of the year 2000 will find the birthday of American music and that of Irving Berlin to have been the same.

* * * We don't know, but we're all for Irving! * * * The translation by *Arthur Machen* of "Casanova's Escape from the Leads" has been added to the Borzoi Pocket Books. It is Number 28, and *Carl Van Vechten's* "The Blind Bow-Boy" is Number 29. * * * In "Father Abraham" *Irving* (still another Irving) *Bacheller* has brought to a close his informal and fictional life of Lincoln, begun in "A Man for the Ages." * * * Posthumous by *Isabel Ostrander*, but all detective and mystery story hounds know what that name means,—"The Neglected Clue"! And we sat up until 1.15 in the morning reading advance galleys of *Mary Roberts Rinehart's* "The Red Lamp," now running in the *Hearst* magazines. So we beat you to that by several months. We haven't stowed away so satisfying a thriller for some time. Watch for it! * * * We understand that *Sinclair Lewis* expects to visit the Near East before summer. Europe may provide some of the background for his next book. * * * The Oregon Writers' League report a literary map of Oregon got out by *J. K. Gill's* of Portland, Oregon. It is an interesting chart, the writers dotted over it range from *Francis Parkman* to *Hazel Hall*. * * * *Roland Young*, of "Beggar on Horseback" fame, has caricatured "Actors and Others" most wittily and ironically in a book being brought out in Chicago by *Pascal Covici*, *Norman Bel-Geddes*, *Eddie Cantor*, *Sam Harris*, *Morris Gest*, *Baby Peggy*, *Bob Sherwood*, *Louis Wolheim*, *Claire Eames* and countless others have fallen to his pencil. * * * We are interested in "The Stagers," a new organization at the Fifty-Second Street Theatre, whose general director is *Edward Goodman*, founder and General Director of the Washington Square Players. *Ruth Hale*, *Lucy Huffaker*, *Edna Kenton*, *Don Marquis*, *Deems Taylor*, *Margaret Wycherly* and others are the Play-Reading Committee. It seems to us that this new group grasps most of the right ideas concerning good plays and good production. Farewell!

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Robert Lynd in the *Daily News*

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Hugh L'Anson Faussett in the *Yorkshire Post*

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* * *

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

LANDSCAPE PAINTING FROM GIOTTO TO THE PRESENT DAY. By C. LEWIS HIND. Vol. II. From Constable to the Present Day. Scribners. 1924. $8.50.

In tracing the complexities of landscape painting of the past century Mr. Hind finds the divisions by Schwab and tendencies, which served him well in the first volume, inadequate and adopts a rough chronological grouping by nations and birthdays. Chronology makes strage bedfellows; we have a chapter on Courbet, Harpignies, Bonvin, Fromentin, and Monticelli. With true journalistic knack, Mr. Hind bounds lightly between such incompatibles always alighting on his feet. Evidently the plan itself forbids anything like thorough and considerate criticism of tendencies. The author is avowedly shy of generalizations and responsive to the individual artist and single picture. What we have is not a history but a rapid running comment on some seven hundred modern landscape painters. The comment is always brisk and amusing, generally sensitive, and occasionally fine. We have to do with the hits and misses of a method essentially journalistic and should be grateful for a journalism that is rarely perfunctory and frequently enlightening.

As a guide post book every good thing may be said of this. Mr. Hind is diligent and fastidious in choosing his artists and adroit in catching their more interesting aspects, skilful in the selection of illustrations. For the first time in a general survey he includes a fair representation of American artists. And here it is odd that he omits that extraordinary handful of landscapes of the late '60s by La Farge, which anticipate so much of Mr. Hind's beloved Lepage. They are in private collections, and should be better known.

Towards everything that is grandstylish Mr. Hind is offish. Towards Delacroix, for example, he is positively condescending, an attitude it is hard to forgive. He fails to look at Watts's symbolism long enough to discover in their backgrounds some of the noblest abstract landscapes of all times. He inevitably undervalues the nobility of Harpignies and overvalues the cheerful gaudiness of Matisse. He accepts the modernists with a sort of blanket enthusiasm without discriminating the very various modernistic ideals. In short, as soon as he leaves the particular picture to treat an artist as a whole or a group of kindred artists, he has little to say and says it a bit at random. He is *par excellence* the gallery guide.

All this goes with his honestly expressed preference for the lyric (the sketchy) over the epic (the pondered picture). Every critic has a right to his prejudices, and Mr. Hind has the grace and the humor not to present his own as virtues. At the risk of unamiability we may observe that he who values only the lyric and cultivates it too persistently to the exclusion of the graver forms is rather likely to land—where Mr. Hind does in rarer lapses—in the merely chipper.

The book is of English make with an excellence in the half tone illustrations too rarely attained by the American cutmaker and printer.

Belles Lettres

WITH SILENT FRIENDS: ESSAYS IN EVERYDAY PHILOSOPHY. By RICHARD KING. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

The title of this work is a trustworthy guide to its character, though not to its merit. This is a series of short papers, reprinted from the London *Tatler,* and written under a pseudonym. In this country they would probably have been syndicated, but they are immeasurably superior to the product of most of our home edition philosophers,—in sincerity and absence of cant, in practicality, and (though there is no parade of learning), in cultural background. Perhaps "Mr. King" would not have been syndicated in our dailies, perhaps his lack of interest in the current theologies, moralities, and prejudices is too outspoken, and the doubt is stronger when one reflects that these essays were written in wartime.

The book is not for the sophisticated, who might find it old stuff; for the merely sophisticated it betrays too much feeling, and they would sniff at its literary quality. It represents the reactions to war, the presence of disabled soldiers, practical politics, the disappointments of the marriage state, growing old, city and country life, etc., of a man impatient of dogma, valuing life and happiness, and saddened by the way both slip by us, applying to such problems his solid common-sense, humor, and not very skilful satire, and above all, that particular quality of imagination which gives insight into the small, daily, undramatic, avoidable, unhappinesses of ordinary persons. In so far as it appeals for a similar sympathy on the part of its readers it can hardly succeed, that quality being given, not achieved. Those who have it already, however, can find some illumination here, and in other respects these discourses profess no more than they accomplish.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By *C. H. C. Wright.* Oxford University Press. $3.50

THE PEAL OF BELLS. By *Robert Lynd.* Appleton. $2.

PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH. By *John Haynes Holmes.* Greenberg. $2.

LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION. By *Leon Trotsky.* New York: International Publishers.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER. Edited by *Henry Festing Jones* and *A. T. Bartholomew.* Dutton.

THE STORY OF WILBUR THE HAT. By *Hendrik Van Loon.* Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS. By *Richard King.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

Biography

GRANDMOTHER TYLER'S BOOK. Edited by FREDERICK TUPPER and HELEN TYLER BROWN. Putnams. 1925.

Lovers of quiet annals will find in these recollections of a New England woman whose memories covered the span of years from the Battle of Lexington to the end of the Civil War much to hold their interest. The daughter of parents whose birth and culture brought them into contact with the prominent men and women of the Revolutionary era, Mary Palmer Tyler saw move about her in her early days personalities whose names are written large in the

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Biography

history of America, while at the same time she experienced the vicissitudes of fortune which forced her family from the life of Boston to the comparative hardships of existence in the country. Her journal covers the little happenings of a united family, the births, the deaths, the marriages that meant so much to the closely-knit circle, but it reaches out to a wider interest through the introduction of occasional episodes of national importance and its fleeting glimpses of public figures.

Mary Palmer was but a few weeks old when her elders were stirred to profound excitement by the Battle of Concord, and her earliest recollections are of hearing at her mother's knee accounts of the family participation in that and succeeding events. Her Revolutionary canvas contains sketches of Warren, the Adamses, the Quincys, even of Washington, pictures of the French and the British, all of them slight but interesting. The main value of the book, however, lies not in these glimpses of important persons and events, but in its reflection of the life of a New England family, forced by ill fortune to a restricted opportunity but wearing the fine flower of its culture and its ideals bravely through misfortune. It is a sturdy, generous family life that is portrayed, one that enlists both sympathy and admiration for its participants. Mrs. Tyler's tale is told with simplicity and directness—even in her early girlhood her father commended these qualities in her style—and her narrative without any particularly arresting qualities is fluent and agreeable.

PORTRAIT OF A PUBLISHER. Appleton. $5 net.

THE LETTERS OF MADAME. Vol. II. Translated and edited by *Gertrude Scott Stevenson.* Appleton. $5 net.

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN. By *Alexander Woollcott.* Putnam.

EARLY REMINISCENCES. By *S. Baring-Gould.* Dutton. $6.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AVERAGE GOLFER. By *O. B. Keeler.* Greenberg.

LEON TROTSKY. By *Max Eastman.* Greenberg. $2.

MR. PEPYS. By J. R. Tanner. Harcourt, Brace.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A FIDDLE DEALER. By *David Laurie.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY. By *Ernest Brennecke, Jr.* Greenberg. $5.

PLAYING THE GAME. By *Stanley Harris.* Stokes. $1.50 net.

THE LIFE OF LORD WOLSELEY. By *Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice* and *Sir George Arthur.* Doubleday, Page. $6 net.

CONFESSIONS OF A DEALER. By *Thomas Rohan.* Stokes.

Fiction

OBEDIENCE. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

Michæl Sadleir is too aware that he writes of the Mid-Victorian Era. Thus he takes himself and his subject with a seriousness almost amounting to pomposity.

There are twists to his phrases that become rather annoying. This is not to quarrel with a man's style which is, essentially, the man himself. But somehow you gather the feeling that this is not a manner of writing native to Mr. Sadleir, but an affectation calculated—perhaps falsely—to evoke the England of the 1860's from the past. Yet an artificiality of language can not help to portray an era that, if viewed from a point within itself, was no more artificial than our present age. That is to say, Mr. Sadleir is writing *at* the Mid-Victorian years, not *of* them; writing from the outside. Hence his excessive awareness of his appointed task. He seems to admonish himself: "I am writing of the Victorians. I am writing of the Victorians. I must not forget it!" Therefore, there is about the book "Obedience" a somewhat confectionery air. The Victorians, for all the turns of phrase, do not live for us vividly in this novel.

This is not to say that the reader is not interested in their fortunes; Catherine Ormand is quaint. The man she loves, Frank Martindale, below her in social station, is a fair hero. And Felix Ormand, Catherine's brother, is a good sample of a cad. Old Harry Ormand, the father, is a type figure of the blustering head of the family inveighing against the daughter's choice of husband. These are all adequately sketched.

But it seems that Mr. Sadleir's true problem lay in some sort of comparison between the psychology of the era he writes of and this present era, or by accounting for the relationship between father and sons or daughters. Only in such an analysis can there be an indictment against the customs of the age—and it does seem that the author has attempted to draw up an indictment. But he leaves us cold at the charge, because he has written prettily and, as has been said, *at* his subject, instead of from the inside outward.

Then too, that pompous seriousness. It gets in the way. It creaks stiffly. It gives a sense of artifice destructive to those touches of reality which are needed to make a vanished day once more vivid. This is, then, just a pleasant story.

THE LOVE OF MONSIEUR. By GEORGE GIBBS. Appleton. 1925. $2.

We are often assured, especially by writers of the modern clinical school of fiction, that the costume novel, and the romance of gallant adventure are quite out of fashion, and that the reader of today is far too serious-minded to be entertained by swashbuckling yarns. The issue of a new edition of this early work by Mr. Gibbs, first printed in 1903, throws some doubt on that assertion. One may suspect that popular taste has not very greatly changed, after all. Mr. Gibbs himself has come on quite a bit during the past twenty years: it is a long step from this to "The House of Mohun." But this is also good work of its kind: a swinging narrative, smoothly phrased, and climbing to a good spectacular finish. It dates in the days of King Charles. Monsieur is a gallant French adventurer, known also as "Bras-de-fer." We meet him at the moment when his pursuit of Mistress Barbara Clerke has landed him in trouble, which leads to his expulsion from London and to royal disfavor. His wanderings extend to the well-known Spanish Main, which was full of pirates, privateers, and no end of excitement. Thither, of course, the lady has to follow him, to take part in mutinies and sea fights, as a lady of the times should, ultimately to be rescued in due course. It moves: an entertaining tale.

MESSALINA. By VIVIAN CROCKETT. Boni & Liveright. 1924. $3.50.

Mr. Crockett expands the stark narrative of Tacitus, which is printed as an appendix to show the fidelity of the modern account to history, into a sixty-thousand-word story in prelude and four chapters. It begins with Messalina in Antioch, where almost unimaginably, at twelve years of age, the future notorious empress visits, unattended and at night, the pleasure park of Daphne, and in the grove whose turf is strewn with reckless couples learns the ways of adult life; continues in Rome with the young wife of the silly and disgusting emperor Claudius, whom she dupes as she follows unrestrainedly the leadings of her eager and vicious spirit in affairs with Mnester the actor, Myronides the military tribune, and Silius the handsome young noble; and concludes with her perishing by the sword when the outraged and fearful emperor learns that she has actually gone through the form of marriage with Silius and perhaps is conspiring against his own life and throne.

Mr. Crockett's book, written either for or from a screen play, has the features, good and bad, of the cinematographic. Its material is mechanically well managed, its action is visualized in clear outline, it is divided into episodes, it abounds in palaces and porticoes and gardens and groves and imfperial functionaries and prætorians, it makes a valiant attempt at historical accuracy and advertises its success—and it plays up sex. This is cinematographic amorousness transferred to the page; the swimming eye, the subtle and half-closed eye, the quickening pulse and the heaving bosom, the lithe and graceful body, the seductive and rhythmical movement, his arms that crush her against him and hers that coil around him and take him in the toils, the gown that slips from the shoulder to the instantaneous incandescence of the beholder, the kiss, fiery, close-pressed, clinging, with linked-sweetness-long-drawn-out, from lips like bees greedy for nectar to lips like scarlet petals, and other familiar forms of divine voluptuousness—they are all here. Yet not all this detailed "passion" makes Messalina a real figure, and the reader of austere and economical Tacitus with imagination unaided except by suggestion will have a deeper impression of reality than the reader of this amplification, which is executed not without art, but is a series of sexual episodes rather than a novel, and in spite of all its tragedies is not tragic.

Speaking of Books

Spokesmen

of the progressive idealism of their day, organs of a noble discontent with the established order, and heralds of a golden age—these were characteristic functions of the early Hebrew prophets. From Elijah and Amos to Zechariah and Daniel is a succession of uncompromising upbraiders of their age and champions of a higher ideal. How they fought and suffered, and finally achieved a religion that commands admiration is the inspiring story that this book tells. *The Prophets and Their Times.* By J. M. Powis Smith, $2.25, postpaid $2.35.

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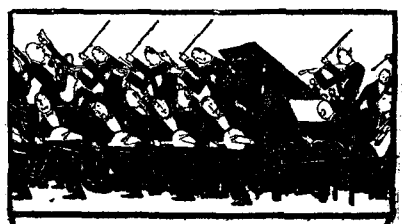

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DREAMING SPIRES. By DIANA PATRICK. Dutton. 1925.

"Dreaming Spires" as a title holds a certain charm, as a novel it gives less satisfaction. Conceivably it is meant to dwell upon the idea of "ivory towers" of the spirit. But whatever facets of interpretation either the author had in mind or readers may consider, the latter are apt to find themselves inadequately warmed at its romantic fires and be tempted to stir them by skipping pages.

This is the story of a little hedonist (in London) who deprived of luxury, still craves it, of course, and faces the street. That she shrinks from paying the price on either hand seems to be a matter of indecision rather than an aversion of character. Dallas Coventry's mother died from shock after Dallas's stepfather went to prison for great financial indiscretions in the city. Cast upon the street and untrained to make a living she shrinks from the publicity of her stepfather's ruin and lives in a boarding house for a time by pawning her costly knick-knacks. A thieving servant puts an end to that and she gets nearer to Piccadilly, a euphemism for selling herself. This thought she dallies with throughout the book. She is on the verge of becoming Maxwell Craven's mistress when she meets in his house, Leolyn Adair, a mighty financier and a most sardonic character. A twist of fate enables her to make a bargain with this suave misogynist and she enters his home as a ward. This is the best part of the story. The little intrigante falls in love with Valentine, Adair's beloved son, something the older man forbids. He counters with a marriage offer first from Craven, then himself. It is quite an *impasse* after her precarious, not particularly engaging adventures, but she finally gets over thin ice and makes dry land. Miss Patrick characterizes well but suffers from impertinent detail (such as analyzing nearly thirty contemporaries).

THE COPY SHOP. By EDWARD HUNGERFORD. Putnams. 1925.

Mr. Hungerford has written a story of newspaper life that will help make the reader understand why young men used to run away from remunerative careers to try the newspaper game, even as farmer boys used to desert from the plow to ship to sea. The old three-masters are gone—ships and dailies. That only helps season the romantic flavor of either subject. "The Copy Shop" catches the zest of the old-time editorial room, and it catches something beside.

It takes a young small-town collegian, carries him through the funny stage of cub-reporterdom, and sees him at last to his full growth into a star reporter. That is all very well; so very well that plenty of writers have done it before. But there is more. This reporter, living without any real foothold of his own in life, begins to slip. He uses up his little stock of impressionability, of enthusiasm. He marries someone that he had better not. He passes very nearly into the stage of that most extinct of living beings, the burnt-out, morose, journalistic has-been.

That part of the book is not only well enough, but good. The bloom of stars on Park Row used to rub off strangely fast sometimes, and the business supplied but little gold to brighten them up when the real bloom had gone.

The favored few developed into novelists, editorial writers, or country newspaper owners. The one in "The Copy Shop" finds such a happy ending, none too soon. Before making his providential escape via the last page, he finds out the rough side of the old newspaper life, with its fantastic human contacts, with its subtly exhausting hustle. Mr. Hungerford has known at what points to lay aside the sentimental livery decreed by custom as proper to the treatment of newspaper men, artists, and such-like Bohemians. But he has preserved the air of fascination that clung to newspaper life in its fine days. He has pictured one newspaper office, the old *Sun* shop, from the inside, and told much of the life of the news-getters of twenty years or more ago as it really was.

YOUTH RIDES WEST. By WILL IRWIN. Knopf. 1925. $2.

The hardened reader of Western fiction will find nothing new in "Youth Rides West." A young New Englander, Robert Gilson, graduated from Harvard in the seventies, goes west. He picks up a partner, Buck, throws in with him, and they travel by burro train to Cottonwood, a gold rush camp in the Rockies. On the way they overhear, as it were, a hold-up. A charming woman in the stage pities the nigh white leader, the only casualty in the affair, and across the head of the dying horse, Gilson falls in love with her. She is on her way to Cottonwood, but not for gold; what she is prospecting makes the mystery, and a rather shop-worn mystery it is. Gilson becomes a reporter on the *Cottonwood Courier*. The camp goes its wild way until it is purified by a vigilance committee. It is all there: horses disguised with paint, the gun fanner who shooting from the hip can pierce his man's right biceps, the silver carbonates, Red Nell, the dish towel waved as a signal, the sacrifice, and the happy ending.

With these materials no one can quarrel, for with the exception of the sharp-shooting about which there wages endless debate, they are known truth. What does Mr. Irwin bring to the story to distinguish it from others of the same serial number? What quality such as Mr. Grey's power, Mr. Hough's historical pageantry, Mr. Rhodes's humor, or the poetry of Mr. Brand? A profuse social setting. The background is complete, a background not so much of nature or history as of manners. But he brings nothing to the story in comparison with what a writer of his skill should bring. There is some of that kind of writing which Stevenson laid like a gentle curse on the world, but the detail for some reason or other is all general and not particular. It is a hard book to remember, just as that composite American face which appears now and then and contains George Washington's nose and Mr. Hughes's whiskers is hard to remember. Since it is not a boy's book it is fair to be irritated at its general juvenile flavor.

As a milestone in the course of Western fiction it is an extremely interesting book, both for the fact that a skilled writer turning for the first time, as far as we know, to a long Western story, chooses to walk inside the young-old tradition, and for the fact that he must be among the last in the upper levels to do so. After all, painted horses can be interesting only once, and the latest writers in this rich field must rely on what the earliest did: the qualities of the artist and not the artisan. The town marshal must be interesting not only because he fans his gun, but because he is a human being. What Hangtown needs is a Jane Austen.

THE FIGHT ON THE STANDING STONE. By *Francis Lynde*. Scribners. $2.
MY NAME IS LEGION. By *Charles Morgan*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
MR. TASKER'S GODS. By *T. F. Powys*. Knopf. $2.50 net
THE EAMES-ERSKINE CASE. By *C. Fielding*. Knopf.
THE DIABOLIQUES. By *Barbey d'Aurevilly*. Knopf. $3 net.
SOUTH WIND. By *Norman Douglas* (Modern Library). Boni & Liveright.
THE BLIND BOW-BOY. By *Carl Van Vechten*. Knopf.
YOUNG MRS. CRUSE. By *Viola Meynell*. Harcourt, Brace.
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INVISIBLE WOUNDS. By *Frederick Palmer*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
HE WAS A MAN. By *Rose Wilder Lane*. Harpers. $2.50.
THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS. By *R. P.* Mason. Oxford University Press. $2.
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(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

MR. GODLY BESIDE HIMSELF. By *Gerald Bullett.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

PROFESSOR. By *Stanley Johnson.* Harcourt, Brace. $2 net.

History

AN OUTLINE OF JEWISH HISTORY. By S. M. DOUBNOW. New York: Max M. Maisel. 1925. 3 vols.

This authoritative and comprehensive survey of Jewish history by Simon Doubnow is now for the first time translated from the Russian into English. Written in a popular style Doubnow's "Outline of Jewish History" is at once reliable and impartial and embodies the results of the best scholarship on the subject. It is a first-class handy reference book for teachers and students and very useful to the general reader.

Doubnow sets forth in a clear and attractive manner the political, social, economic, and intellectual life of the Jewish people, as well as their philanthropic and educational endeavors in every land. The author endeavors to bring out in a clear manner the guiding principles of the Jewish spirit as evolved in the process of Jewish history. He presents all his matter in a fair, unbiased, and purely objective manner. Jewish history, it is well known, has shared the fate of the Jews, in that it has been treated either from an offensive or defensive point of view. In Doubnow's work the course of Jewish history has been traced without regard to any issue whatever, since the author aimed at the presentation of facts and their correct interpretation.

THE STORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO. By THOMAS WAKEFIELD GOODSPEED. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1925.

Dr. Goodspeed's outline of the truly marvelous story of the growth of the University of Chicago—from a project for a Baptist college with an equipment of a million to one of the world's greatest institutions, with over thirteen thousand students and an endowment of fifty-four million, all within a third of a century—comes pat as part of the University's campaign for a doubling of that colossal endowment. No one is so well qualified as he to tell this story, for he was one of the progenitors of the institution, was secretary of the board of trustees from the start, and has been kept actively in harness to the present writing, in one capacity or another. This small book supplements and brings down to date his larger history published in 1916.

Nowhere in modern history is there a better demonstration of the truth of Emerson's remark that every great institution is the "lengthened shadow of a man" than in the case of the University of Chicago, for in a peculiar sense it is the creation of its first president, Dr. William R. Harper. From the first, his vision soared beyond present limitations: he planned the thing much as it stands today, and the tremendous driving force of his character not only started it but still, in a sense, keeps it going, for his two successors in office have followed the lines he laid down.

Dr. Goodspeed gives a brief but sufficient account of the ill-fated earlier University, and of the Baptist Theological Seminary, out of which the first idea of the present University grew. He tells, in some detail, of the securing of the endowment from Mr. Rockefeller, and of the hard times of the early years with the "struggle with the deficit." He sketches the rapid material development, the rise of new buildings and the proliferation of activities, from the opening year with its 742 students to the present. He notes that the University seems now to be entering upon what may be called its third phase of growth, the tendency of which may, perhaps, be suggested by the recent cancellation of the requirement of its charter that the president must be a Baptist.

RECENT AMERICAN HISTORY. By LESTER BURRELL SHIPPEE. Macmillan. 1924. $3.25.

Many complex problems face the writer who undertakes to construct an orderly narrative of the last sixty years in the history of the United States. Professor Shippee in this volume has handled some of the more important of these problems with more than ordinary success. His account follows three main threads, politics, industrial development with the more obvious social repercussions that have followed it, and foreign affairs. The treatment is well balanced and quite without bias. The five hundred and thirty-seven pages of text present, in the main, a compilation of facts carefully selected and set forth in a clear and orderly manner. Professor Shippee has prepared a thoroughly good textbook. Like most textbooks it is wanting in literary distinction and stimulating interpretations. One wishes that some chapters on intellectual and religious history could have been added and that the sections dealing with societal developments like the changes of recent decades in city and rural life could have been enlarged.

THE RISE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON. By *F. A. Simpson.* Longmans. $5.

International

INTERNATIONAL TRADE FINANCE. By GEORGE W. EDWARDS. Holt. 1924. $3.60.

Professor Edwards has attempted to give within the compass of one volume a survey of the balance of payments, foreign exchange, international banking, foreign trade finance, foreign credits, and foreign credit insurance, the discount markets, and the methods by which trade between the United States and countries with depreciated currency has been financed. It is obvious that all of these subjects cannot be treated in detail; there must be emphasis and the author cannot have hoped to satisfy all of his readers by his own choice of topics to be stressed. Nor can the reviewer expect that his views will accord with those of other readers who may hold firm beliefs about the relative importance of different phases of international trade finance. In such circumstances it seems best to suppress personal predilections so far as possible, and to portray the real contributions which Dr. Edwards has made to the study of foreign trade financing.

The writer is inclined to believe that the most significant contribution which has been made lies in the description of the international banking organization. Dr. Edwards analyzes the banking systems of this and other countries in so far as they affect foreign trade in any vital way, and traces the development of the international banking systems from the pre-war period to the present. The present condition of the American banks engaged in financing foreign trade and the causes of the post-war developments in branch banking are carefully outlined. In fact, the writer knows of no place where so adequate a description of the development and present condition of American foreign branch banking is given, and feels that these chapters alone would, if necessary, justify the existence of the book.

In the second part of the volume is found a careful study of foreign credits and a particularly welcome section on foreign credit insurance—topics which are omitted entirely or treated in a very sketchy fashion only in most texts on foreign exchange and trade finance. The reader who expects to learn the technique of foreign trade financing is, however, likely to be somewhat disappointed, as the chapters which deal specifically with this subject are, in our opinion, much too compressed to be helpful to the beginner. One who has already an understanding of the principles involved can read them with profit, and will find chapter ten—Documents of Collateral—unusually good.

The chief weakness of the book lies, perhaps, in the omissions in the treatment of foreign exchange. A clear and practical description of the exchange market is given, together with a satisfactory classification of the typical credit instruments used in foreign exchange, but there is little attention devoted to the rates of exchange, and the effects of the rates on the currents of trade. Nevertheless Dr. Edwards has produced a book which is distinctly worth while, and which should carry an appeal to the practical man of affairs, and to the college instructor.

THE COLLAPSE OF CENTRAL EUROPE. By KARL FRIEDRICH NOWAK. Dutton. 1924. $8.

Dr. Nowak, if he were not known for an authority on Central Europe, would have made himself one by writing this book. He is unpartisan to a fault. The leaders of Germany and Austria-Hungary condemn themselves and are not condemned. Here and there the author interposes that a different policy might have had a happier result; but in the main his book is a brilliant, authoritative, and concise narrative of events in the two Empires from the days of the Brest-Litovsk peace conference to the beginning of the end—dissolution.

(*Continued on page 638*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

WILD MARRIAGES. By *B. H. Lehman* (Harpers).

THESE UNITED STATES. Edited by *Ernest Gruening* (Boni & Liveright).

CALLINICUS. By *J. B. S. Haldane.* (Dutton).

M. H., a Northerner living in Louisiana, asks for books about the State, historical, folk-lore, and fiction.

THERE is a chapter on Louisiana in the first of the two volumes of "These United States," edited by Ernest Gruening and written by famous natives of all the States, one for each (Boni & Liveright). I do not know if these reports on the souls and bodies of the States are all as sound as those I have been able to verify from experience, but to name but one, the book would be worth owning if only for Dorothy Canfield's "Vermont." Another book of general interest useful here is "North America," by J. R. Smith (Harcourt, Brace), a library in one large and absorbingly interesting volume. This is neither a travel-book nor a geography but something higher than either with the best qualities of both. Even the illustrations are unusual. A State history of Louisiana comes from the Hauser Co., New Orleans, and the Southern Pacific issues travel pamphlets. The American Folk Lore Society has published a large collection of "Louisiana Folk Tales." "A Confederate Girl's Diary," by Mrs. Sarah Morgan Dawson (Houghton Mifflin), is straight history, and Louisiana is uncommonly rich in historical novels: the latest to appear is Grace King's "La Dame de Ste. Hermine" (Macmillan), a strong, sad story of the early days of New France. Everyone knows George Cable's "Old Creole Days," "Bonaventure," and especially "The Grandissimes" (Scribner), and one who has once read Lafcadio Hearn's "Chita" (Harper) has it yet in the mind—I read it in its original magazine form and it is still vivid in memory. Kate Chopin's "Bayou Folk" (Houghton Mifflin) is a series of stories and sketches of the descendants of the Acadian refugees, and Nevil Henshaw's "The Inheritance of Jean Trouve" (Bobbs Merrill) is laid in New Orleans and in the swamp country. "Under the Levee," by E. Earl Sparking (Scribner), is the largest set of stories to utilize the extraordinary resources of this part of the world for a writer whose forte is the exotic, the colorful, and the macabre. There is a strong flavor of this last in most of these tales, spliced with humor.

WE aim to please but when the Akron, Ohio, Public Library asked us to prove once for all our claim to second-hand Persian scholarship by naming Marjorie Barkley McClure's cat, the Reader's Guide found itself, as many a cat has been, up a tree. It appears that this lady, whom you will recognize as the author of a widely read novel called "High Fires" (Little, Brown) had been lately presented with a jet-black Persian which she desired to call by the name in that language meaning Midnight, whatever that word might prove to be. When my rash boast appeared in the Guide, the Akron Library, to whom the task had been confided, promptly unloaded it upon me, and I upon Harry Griswold Dwight, author of "Constantinople Old and New" (Scribner), for if you write a book as delightfully amusing as "Persian Miniatures" (Dobuleday, Page), you may be expected not only to have access to a Persian dictionary but to possess the needful friendliness to cats. And sure enough came back this letter:

I once had a black Persian myself, but he disappeared long since and so I couldn't ask him. My Persian dictionary, moreover, is safely in storage in New York. And of course I long ago forgot the three Persian words I ever knew—of which midnight was not one. Having left the State Department, too, and therefore being out of touch with Persian secretaries, as well as too lazy to go to the Congressional Library, I did what probably mystified not a little the gentleman to whom "Persian Miniatures" is dedicated. I cabled to him in London, asking him the Persian word for midnight. Nevertheless he very promptly cabled back the mystic syllables

NESFESHAB

(accent on the last syllable, with a minor one on the first).

If I were a Persian cat naturalized in America, I fear that name would strike me unfavorably. But for ordinary occasions it might be shortened to Shab, which means Night. Or if the cat is a lady she might be called Leila (pronounced Lay-*lah*) which also means Night.

H. G. DWIGHT.

And so, even if it takes a cable, the clients of this department rally to its reputation for good advice on litereray matters. And if anyone doubts the strictly literary character of that question, let him look in the "Note Books of Samuel Butler" where I am informed that he makes the statement that the test of literary ability is to be able properly to name a kitten.

But from now on, questions on Persian shawls, cats, blinds and apparatus will be answered by mail!

P. H., New York, asks for a statement of the principles of philosophy as set forth by the Greeks.

IN the Series of World's Manuals issued by the Oxford University Press—in which are some uncommonly useful little books on large subjects—is one by M. E. J. Taylor on "Greek Philosophy" that gives, condensed, but not hurried or blurred, the underlying principles and distinctive features of the systems of the Greek philosophers. With this one should read Casson's "Ancient Greece," in the same series, and of course their "Legacy of Greece."

Not to go further upon a list that stretches very far, there are volumes on "Platonism": "Aristotelianism," and "Stoicism" in the series of small and valuable volumes on "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" (Marshall Jones), and the indispensable studies of Paul Elmer More, "Platonism," and "The Religion of Plato" (Princeton University Press).

K. S., *Newport, R. I.,* sends the inquirer for plays that could be given in a church a clipping that appeared in the *Plain Dealer* among Herbert Rugg's topics in religious education: "A dramatization of Tyndale and his difficulties as a translator has been made by Elizabeth Miller Lobingier of Oberlin, O. The dramatization is designed for use as a project of a church Sunday-school class." *Another correspondent sends for L. A. S.'s collection of data on "the kiss in literature,"* news that Harry Kemp's play "The Game Called Kiss" was given four times this month, in the basement theatre of St. Mark's Chapel, 288 East 10th street, with incidental music written by Bobby Edwards.

(*Continued on next page*)

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He discovered in himself, nay, created in himself, the genius for making of the whole life a religion. The genius was, of course, suggested by many forerunners; but in Nietzsche it was perfected. There will be a railing against him for long enough; when was a 'fatality' not resisted? But the more he is read, the more determination will there be abroad among men to use life nobly and greatly; not merely to make life answer to our profoundest desires, but to believe in life so vehemently that even its tragedy as well as its joy will become admirable to us."—*From Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's article in the Liverpool Courier.*

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Points of View

German Thinkers

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of January 31, Mr. Robert Graves had an illuminating article on "Vehicles of Poetic Thought" in which he spoke of the individual's inward senses—sight, sound, touch, and so on. He closed with these words: "I am hoping for more intense research in the question from both æsthetic and general psychologists." I read the article with concentrated interest, but largely because this is all old material to any student of German Romanticism. If Mr. Graves will take up Novalis, Tieck, the Schlegels, Fichte, Schelling, and these only, he will find, either to his astonishment or delight depending upon his temperament, that the entire subject to which he devoted approximately 4,000 words was treated at great length and from every thinkable angle in Germany a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Now comes John Middleton Murry with his "Saint, Poet, and Psychologist." Gœthe disposed of the whole of Mr. Murry's discussion when he wrote these words:

Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt,
Hat auch Religion;
Wer jene beiden nicht besitzt,
Der habe Religion!
(Whoever possesses learning and art, has also religion;
Let him who does not possess these two have religion!)

I do not believe that, even in the age of Pericles, has there ever been a greater group of stimulating thinkers than Germany could (though she did not) boast of during the days of the German Romanticists as these revolved about, and to a large degree proceeded from, Goethe.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.
West Virginia University.

French Manuals

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Marcel Clavel, in his interesting criticism (your issue of March 7) of my article "Books on French Literature," has, I think, missed the point. I would remind Mr. Clavel that I was discussing the manuals ordinarily available and widely used here in our "survey course" for college sophomores and others whose purpose is similar; I was not presuming to indulge in general criticism of French scholarship.

One who has read a few hundred examination papers and talked with some dozens of American sophomores must think that the difficulties I mentioned do exist, in one combination or another, for beginners, no matter which of these books (written by Frenchmen) they may study; and that there *is* a considerable difference between the equipment of the American and that of the French boy at this stage. It goes without saying that what may be perfectly clear to any person having a certain background may be most obscure to one not having it. I am taken to task for using the adjective "metaphysical" in this connection to suggest an impression common among my students; if "metaphysical" connotes "lack of clearness," I stand corrected. Far from being an indictment of the fascinating French method, it was, I am sure, an admission of our own shortcomings. But there was nothing new or strange in that paragraph. The difficulty I have noted in undergraduate classes is quite generally mentioned in prefaces to American outlines: not lack of clearness, but—Oh well, what's the use? The American student who needs it most just hasn't learned to handle it at that stage in his development.

As to the rest, naturally those few who go deeper into more elaborate histories soon reach a better understanding, gain in "intellectual *rapprochement*" as they come to appreciate, for instance, *why* seventeenth century French critics, and at times even Voltaire, had "not great regard" for our canonized Shakespeare and Milton (had they?); advanced students will soon learn that English literature meant more to the French, at certain periods, then the perfunctory lists of translations (Shakespeare, Richardson, Scott) in the handbooks would suggest; but that is scholarship, and I was considering rather the tools of elementary public instruction. To make sure of my point, I searched carefully through three of the most widely known handbooks (by French authors) available in America; aside from the inevitably somewhat extensive discussions of English influence on Voltaire and far less adequate mention (half-a-dozen lines or so) of the debt of the romanticists, I found their "comparative literature" recognizing only Greek and Latin, with never a thought of fundamental, suggestive analysis of English contributions. I will "revise my statement" about intellectual *rapprochment* so far as to add a quotation from one of these handbooks, used in French schools and available in an American edition. Voltaire's "Zaire" and Shakespeare's "Othello" are being compared:

Voltaire a eu le souci de la dignité tragique non seulement en faisant périr Zaïre frappée d'un coup de poignard et non pas étouffée sous un oreiller, mais en transposant en un style oratoire et noble l'emportement un peu vulgaire du modèle.

This is not an isolated example. It may perhaps surprise some to find, a few pages further on, a really sympathetic treatment of German influences on Mme. de Staël. To the scholar such widely divergent views become a most interesting subject for discussion (not mutual accusation!) that is half the fun of life; but the American or English beginner cannot, I think, derive the fullest measure of understanding from a guide whose approach seems to him so strange.

There are so few in the advanced group, the group that will reach the scholarly attitude, and so many in the other crowd for whom we might do so much more than we seem to be doing. I grant it may be hopeless to attempt this; but then . . .

So, after all, the real point is not that I may have failed to make my opening paragraphs clear, nor even that I may be mistaken, in matters of detail; the real point is whether my main thesis is sound: that there is room for an elementary manual written from an English or American point of view, because it could proceed from the familiar to the unfamiliar (good metaphysics); one that sets out to present French literature as an essential part of the history of European civilization, not as a detached bit of mental discipline.

HENRY DEXTER LEARNED.
Chapel Hill,
North Carolina.

With Apologies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The name of Herbert Alden Youtz, author of "The Supremacy of the Spiritual," reviewed in your issue of February 28, was misspelled Yontz in both the heading and the article. Can you not print some correction?

Ordinarily one passes over a misspelling because usually it causes no misapprehension; this one, however, makes a name which one recognizes only if he happens to know Dr. Youtz's given and middle names.

L. L. HANAWALT.
Oberlin College.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

A club in Oklahoma, and one in Kansas, ask for ideas for a program of a literary nature.

THE "Map of Good Stories," of which I spoke with strong feeling some weeks since in this department, has come out in wall-map size, and from now on I shall recommend it to small reading-clubs in search of a pleasant and unusual basis for fiction-programs. Arranged with the greatest care by Paul M. Paine, the Librarian of Syracuse Public Library, it shows with amusing pictures and letter-press the location of a large number of American novels. A program committee with the least possible effort could arrange a tour around that map, keeping the large copy on the wall at each meeting and distributing the miniature copies among the membership. The big one costs a dollar and the tiny ones sell one hundred for two dollars: the Gold Star list of American Fiction, 500 titles classified by subject, with notes, costs a quarter—these prices to save my replying to many letters.

R. E. H., Muskogee, Oklahoma, asks for books by American authors since John Burroughs whose works are inspired by nature. "We have the book 'Nature in American Literature,' by Norman Foerster, which covers very well the works of Bryant, Lowell, Whittier, Whitman, Lanier, Emerson, Thoreau, Muir, and Burroughs," she says, and asks for later writers, especially such as would appeal to lovers of human nature as well.

"ISLES OF EDEN," by Laura Lee Davidson (Minton, Balch), is a set of essays or sketches of life, wild and otherwise, in the Lake Country of Canada, by a lady of keen observation and even keener sympathies. Village comedies and tragedies weave into the landscape and the affairs of sky and water, and the result is as lovely a book as I have read for a good while. I recommended it to a club in search of this sort of nature-literature recently, and they thanked me soundly. William Beebe's "Edge of the Jungle" (Holt) of course you know, and "Jungle Peace," and his great book with the great land lizard in all its colors on the cover, "Galapagos" (Putnam).

The nature lovers whose field for observation must lie near home will like "Robin Hood's Barn," by Margaret Emerson Bailey (Doran), a prettily made and illustrated book of studies of the art of living in the country. This has a gentle human interest too, but the thrills are from coming upon some creature, some flower that you know like a brother but that you have not thought about since last you saw it in its own woods. Samuel Scoville, Jr., I suppose writes for young people, but his "More Wild Folk" (Century) is quite serious enough for grownups. Helen Swift's "Where Green Lanes End" (Huebsch) takes place partly in the country round about Cincinnati, beginning in the Spring, and partly in and about New York City; these are unusual studies, quivering with happiness over sights and scenes that, told in this spirit, make the reader happy. "The Lone Winter," by Anne Bosworth Green (Century), is about a pony-farm, and "Sheep of the Shepherd," by Lillian A. North (Dutton), about a sheep-farm; I have spoken of them both before, but put them in again because I want to remind people who think that these are peaceful domestic animals and, therefore, books about them are dull, that these are both dramatic and exciting narratives.

S. S., New York, asks for books on logic for the use of a home student, an introductory work in the nature of a primer and a standard textbook to follow.

ON the advice of Professor Morris R. Cohen of City College, to whom I referred the question, the introductory book is "An Introduction to Reflective Thinking," by Columbia Associates in Philosophy, published by Houghton Mifflin. This to be followed by W. Stanley Jevons's "The Principles of Science" imported by Macmillan.

IN making that list of books on "The Beggars Opera," on February 2, it appears that I left out the most complete and authoritative work on the subject, much more comprehensive than Kitson's. This is "Gay's Beggar's Opera: Its Content, History and Influence," by W. E. Schultz, and it was publised late in 1923 by Yale University Press. The London press praised it in the highest terms as both scholarly and attractive, calling attention to its compendious nature, for it presents the "Beggar's Opera" from the historical, literary, dramatic, musical, and even moral point of view. Also it was chosen for one of the Fifty Most Beautifully Printed Books in America for 1923.

The New Books

International

(*Continued from page 636*)

The faults spring mainly from necessary circumscription of the subject. Thus Emperor William appears in a more favorable light than a more general history will ever shed upon him, while Emperor Charles is made more indecisive than he really was. But, perhaps, these objections, are too pedantic. With Kühlmann, Czernin, Tisza, Ludendorff, Pflanzer-Baltin and many others the author is on surer ground, and very plainly does he depict the moderation of the first, the nervous anxiety of the second, the intolerance of the third, the inconceivable vanity of the fourth, and the adventurousness of the last—the General who worked a miracle in retiring from Albania with an undefeated army.

Never more clearly have the last days of the two Monarchies been described. Never more simply has it been shown that Germany suffered a crushing military defeat. Never has it been plainer revealed that Austria and Hungary must before all the world acknowledge that the disintegration of the Dual Monarchy was the corollary of their indecisions and haughty bunglings. Dr. Nowak has combined to perfection simplicity of style with profundity of knowledge; his book is, therefore, illuminating and absorbing—as all good history should be—never dull or academic.

THE ENEMIES OF LIBERTY. By E. S. P. HAYNES Hyman-McGee. 1924.

The point of view emphasized in this volume is that of a benevolent individualist who deplores encroachments upon personal liberty latterly manifesting themselves in England. He envisages liberty as a balance between the complacence of *laissez-faire* and the interference of "compulsory social welfare." He contemplates with eequanimity such abridgment of freedom as compulsory education and compulsory vaccination; he is ready to repel strenuously the attacks of "the modern puritan," "the prohibitionist," "the super-capitalist" and the "collectivist."

Mr. Haynes writes with that easy mastery characteristic of English publicists. He is not awed into inarticulateness by the profundity of his scholarship. Nor does he permit himself to grow strident with righteous indignation. He is rather given to the subtle emphasis of understatement except where he substitutes hearsay for knowledge. His credulity may be ascribed to the facile credence a journalistic attitude to social facts engenders, and to the injudicious exercise of the justly famed "vigilance" which inclines defenders of Liberty to shoot its enemies first and investigate afterwards. Whence the scholarly tone of the essay on "Contemporary History" and the amazing juvenilities parading in the chapter on "The Communist." He firmly believes that Lenin and Trotzsky are German spies and that Communism preaches the nationalization of women.

Religion

TALES OF KING SOLOMON. By ST. JOHN D. SEYMOUR. Oxford University Press. 1924. $2.50.

The author expressly states that these tales of King Solomon, attractively bound in lemon-yellow, are intended for the general reader. Though Mr. Seymour says that he makes "no pretence at having collected all the legends in existence," his book is remarkably large and varied. Drawn from sources as far apart as Ireland and the Malay Peninsula, some of these tales are modern, and some ancient; some are anecdotes, others folktales, still others, narratives full of Oriental color and embellishment.

It might be supposed that an entire book devoted to so old a character as Solomon would prove monotonous and boresome; but most of these stories are so full of the marvelous and the exotic, and so enlightening as to the peoples who created them, that they acquire a unique interest. It is true that the book cannot pleasurably be read through in one sitting; but to dip into it at random, learning of Solomon's birth and death, his wisdom, magnificence, and power, his building of the temple and reception of the Queen of Sheba, is rather refreshing. Mr. Seymour makes no attempt to fuse the tales into a harmonious whole; he presents them in sequence, with a minimum of editorial transition, and tells them in a vivid, if rather too Biblical, style. A few of the legends, by their naiveté and picturesqueness, stick in the mind: how, for example, Solomon built Golgotha, or—and this can be compared with "The Good Birds" of Elinor Wylie—how the birds wove a screen for Solomon against the sky. But one's most enduring memory of the book is its illustrations, some drawings in color by an unnamed artist, which are either decidedly ancient or decidedly futuristic.

PENTATEUCHAL CRITICISM. By L. C. SIMPSON. Oxford University Press. 1924. $2.20.

The composite origin of the Books of Moses is a theory that interests many others beside Biblical experts. It has been widely challenged in recent times. Much of the objection to it is due to misunderstanding and many of the arguments against it are based on such misunderstanding. This book was prepared and issued ten years ago by a young Oxford instructor to meet these attacks by exposing their weaknesses and particularly by expounding the critical view so widely accepted by scholars. This he did most admirably and lucidly, adding a persuasive argument to show how such a reconstruction of Israel's religious development as must follow from the analysis and dating of the pentateuch's sources is consonant with a quite edifying view of divine revelation and preparation for Christ. As an argument this aspect of the book will not appeal to less orthodox readers than the author had in mind, but in other respects the book is very satisfactory as a brief description of pentateuchal criticism. It deserved to be reprinted and to be brought again to the attention of interested readers. Nothing issued or discovered in the last decade makes it antiquated in any important feature or untimely.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

SALE OF GOULD LIBRARY

THE libraries of the late Edith Kingdon Gould and of the late George J. Gould, from Georgian Court, Lakewood, and from the Gould home on Fifth Avenue, were sold at the Anderson Galleries, March 12 and 13, 438 lots bringing $30,982.75. This was a typical rich man's collection, containing many expensive books in costly bindings, a type which generally shows a heavy depreciation when sold in the auction room. In this case, however, good prices were realized which shows that there is a demand for books even of this type.

The highest price, $2,550, was paid for an album containing twenty-two Indian miniatures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, each miniature matted, bound in a folio volume in red morocco. Next in value came the Sistine Missal of Cardinal Colonna, one of a series of volumes intended to comprise the entire Missal-Service of the Sistine Chapel under Popes Clement VII and Paul III. This beautiful and historic specimen of sixteenth century Italian work brought $1,550. An excessively rare printed "Horae," an octavo volume of the sixteenth century bound in red plush with an autograph inscription by Henry VIII fetched $1,325. A splendid set of Piranesi's "Opera," 21 vols. folio to atlas folio, in half leather bindings, Rome and Paris, 1748-1837, realized $1,300.

A few other representative lots with prices which they brought were the following:

A'Beckett (Gilbert A.). "The Comic History of England," 2 vols., and "The Comic History of Rome," with colored plates by John Leech, together 3 vols., 8vo, in elaborately designed gold tooled and inlaid bindings by Reviere, London, 1847-51. First editions with the Borden bookplate. $310.

Ainsworth (W. H.). "Historical Romances," 25 vols., square 8vo, half levant by Stikeman, Philadelphia, n.d. Large paper edition. $135.

Balzac (Honore de). "La Comédie Humaine," 53 vols., 8vo, half levant by Stikeman, Philadelphia, n.d. The edition definitive printed on Japan paper. $410.

Bode (Wilhelm). "The Complete Work of Rembrandt," 8 vols., atlas 4to, levant by Stikeman, Paris, 1897-1906. Japan paper edition limited to 75 copies. $600.

Browning (Robert). "Complete Works," 12 vols., 8vo, levant, New York, 1899. Autograph edition limited to 275 sets. $220.

Bushnell (S. W.). "Oriental Ceramic Art," 4 vols., large folio, levant by Stikeman, New York, 1897. Colored plates on Japan paper. $440.

Carlyle (Thomas). "Works," 26 vols., square, 8vo, levant, Boston, n.d. Centennial memorial edition. $250.

Clarendon (Earl of). "The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England," 3 vols., folio, contemporary half blue morocco, Oxford, 1707. Large paper copy extra-illustrated by 360 portraits, views and maps, of which 180 portraits are wash drawings. $880.

Daudet (Alphonse). "Works," 24 vols., 8vo, half morocco, Boston, 1898-1900. Champrosay edition. $140.

Dorat (Claude J.). "Les Baisers," etc., with brilliant impressions of Eisen's famous ilustrations, in elaborate binding, Paris, 1770. First issue of the first edition. $360.

La Borde (Jean Benjamin de). "Choix de Chansons Mises en Musique," with brilliant impressions of the exquisite plates, 4 vols., in 2, 8vo, levant by Chambolle-Duru, Paris, 1773. Early issue of the first edition. $825.

Molière. "Works," 11 vols., 4to, morocco by Stikeman, Paris, n.d. One of 50 copies on Japan paper. $250.

Parkman (Francis). "Works," 20 vols., 8vo, half levant, Boston, 1897-98. Edition de luxe. $160.

Pepys (Samuel). "Diary and Correspondence," 10 vols., 8vo, levant, New York, 1884. One of four copies on vellum. $340.

THE EVANS BIBLIOGRAPHY

CHARLES EVANS of 1413 Pratt Boulevard, Chicago, has been working for years on an "American Bibliography." Between 1903 and 1914 he privately printed 300 copies of Vols. I to VIII., covering the years 1639-1792. Most of the copies were subscribed for by libraries, but a few still remain in the hands of Mr. Evans, who is his own publisher. The loss of European subscribers, due to the war, and the increased cost of production made it impossible for Mr. Evans to continue publication, and in the Spring of 1924 the American Library Association appointed a committee to look into the subject and if possible aid in the completion of the undertaking. By writing individual letters to 150 libraries which did not already own sets, enough subscriptions were obtained to enable Mr. Evans to go on with Vol. IX., and it is hoped by further coöperation he may be able to bring the bibliography down to 1800. It is believed that the wide interest in Americana among libraries and collectors will create a market for the remaining sets and that Mr. Evans will be able to complete his great undertaking which has been largely a labor of love. Subscriptions may be sent to Theodore W. Koch, chairman of the Evans Bibliography Committee of the American Library Association at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., or direct to Mr. Evans.

The manuscripts and documents of Columbus owned by the Duke of Veragua, the last surviving descendant of the great discoverer, has been sold to the Spanish government for about $50,000. It is reported than an American collector offered more than twice this amount for them.

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The Dark Hours

Don Marquis

"Be ye come out as against a thief, with swords and staves? When I was daily with you in the temple ye stretched forth no hands against me; but this is your hour and the power of darkness."

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The Phoenix Nest

ROBERT GRAVES is an English poet whose verse we hold in high estimation, and of late years Robert has got interested in the dream-world. Greenberg, Inc., has just published his "The Meaning of Dreams," which we sat down lately to read and inwardly digest. Most interesting we found his chapter on the theory of The Double Self.

Briefly (he says) this is Dr. Rivers's suggestion, that when we are up against a problem that has two possible ways out, we try either one way or the other; it is necessary for the success of our attempt that there should be no uncertainty in our minds while we are taking the particular course we have decided upon; therefore we forget the other. Whenever we are faced by a problem of this sort, and it happens every day, sometimes many times a day, we split up two selves, each self standing for one of these opposing courses of action, and we then behave as the hypocrite or as the cleptomaniac or as the madman, though not of course in so strikingly peculiar and sensational a way. All instances of absence of mind are due to conflict of this sort, all cases of inconsistent or strange behavior.

He goes on to say that the weaker self, that loses the decision, usually becomes victorious in a dream. Well, just the other day we had a curious experience about that.

Along Third Avenue runs the Open Air Line of the orange-colored "L" trains. Hastening to the Grand Central for our express the other day, we glanced up and perceived an "L" train passing in all its glory against an early Spring twilight. We were arrested in our tracks. But, after a short conflict, our better self asserted itself and we tore our eyes away from the spectacle and hastened on. We made our express by a minute. That night we dreamed a curious dream.

It seemed that we were again hastening for our express. Again we were arrested by that golden fissure in the violet sky. The train clove the twilight on heels of thunder. The Elevated uprights rocked beneath its flight. As we stood agape we felt a violent wrench through all our being. We tore ourselves from the embrace of the lean and wrinkle-overcoated pedestrian with whom we seemed to have become entangled, and, spurning his loaded brief-case into the gutter, dove—but upward—in a most graceful arc, to the flying glory overhead. We felt our hair playing about our head like lambent flame, and all our limbs were of a sudden incomparable lightness. We stepped on the front platform of the train as it was slowing-up for 42nd Street. Sliding open the front door and inserting ourselves suddenly into the motorman's cubicle, we introduced ourselves with a smile. The man's hair went a ghastly white and he toppled over. Stopping to assure ourselves, however, that his heart still beat, we seized the lever, turned on the juice, and had the enormous pleasure of seeing the 42nd Street platform stream away behind us filled with frantic faces and a long wailing echo.

Passing 50th we increased the speed. As we had anticipated the train at length rose completely from the rails. It curved upward and outward, shaking free its coils like a golden snake. We pushed the lever to its utmost, turned, and stuck our head out of the door to observe the interior of our own car. Pandemonium, you might well think, would be reigning. But no! The passengers hung to their straps or rocked bovinely in their seats as though nothing had happened, save that one or two, having passed their stations, were wrangling querulously with the conductor at the rear door. He, on the platform, rubbed his eyes, and at last perceiving the tail end of Harlem flashing away far beneath us, seemed to believe that something was wrong. He came up the swaying aisle and stuck his head in the door. "Say, Ed,—" he began. Then his mouth opened. "Don't worry," we beamed at him. Then we added airily. "Tell 'em Albany's the next stop—at least—maybe."

But the conductor had flopped right straight backward upon the matting. "Drunk!" we heard one elderly passenger exclaim, looking disapprovingly at him over the edge of his paper. The others were now hanging out of the opened windows on both sides, admiring the view.

We passed Albany with a bare nod of recognition and winged higher. That train just switched its tail coquettishly and licked upward like lightning for the night-blue depths above. The last car snapped its couplings and rocketed in a fine arc through space, shaking out the passengers like parti-colored confetti. The passengers in our own car clapped their hands in innocent delight. A sack-like East side mother was holding a small child up to the window. He stretched his baby hands to the earth, now a dim, small spinning silver orb beneath, and crowed lustily.

As for us, we were beginning to sing and shout, "Oh Jupiter, Jehovah, and all the Plan-ets!" This, as we remember it, we kept repeating *ad nauseam* to our own great satisfaction. Of course, we knew, or we had known, that Jehovah is not to be called a planet. But it all seemed quite natural at the time. Getting a slight reflection of ourselves in the window beside us, we were charmed to observe that the hair on our head was a flickering of very pretty red and yellow tongues of flame, but, if such a thing could possibly have happened, we might have been disheartened to recognize that, at the same time, we were without any clothes at all. As it was, we seemed to be a fine physical specimen chiefly resembling a tinted drawing by William Blake. So we didn't care. And as for the occupants of the car, thank Heaven they seemed in some mysterious way, suddenly to have shucked their dusty and drab insignia of mortality and all to be sitting and lounging quite pink and young, with flamy coronals of their own where had been disgracefully dirty derbies, soft hats, and cheap bonnets from the department stores.

We curved our train gracefully around Saturn, and could not but admire the aureate gleam of its serpentine length. Lights sprang on throughout the cars, as the plum-blue night deepened, and the stars above, below and around us dazzled out in myriads. In the cars the passengers leaped to their feet and began suddenly singing and swaying all together, and through our brain ran the burning line, "The sons of God shouted for joy!"

Frenzied with ecstacy, we pointed her nose skyward and looped the loop with our fiery train. There was a flash—a billow of purple thunder—and we stooped to retrieve our brief-case that had dropped into the gutter. We glanced upward. The tail of the Air Line train whipped past, above us, behind the corner of a building. Glancing down at the watch in our palm, we gasped, and we ran. * * *

W. R. B.

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THE LOST SPEECH

of Abraham Lincoln

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